



EFFIGIES IOH:QUARLES



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DIVINE  
**Meditations**

UPON  
Several Subjects.

Whereunto is annexed  
**GODS LOVE,**  
AND  
*Man's Unworthiness.*

with Several  
**Divine Ejaculations.**

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Written by *John Quarles.*

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**L O N D O N,**

Printed for *Peter Parker*, at the *Leg* and  
*Star* in *Cornhil*, against the *Royal Exchange*, 1679.

REVISED

THE

BOOK

OF THE

GEORGE

AND

THE

THE

THE

THE



To my Esteemed Friend,  
*JAMES HOBARTE*  
of *Hales*, in the County  
of *Norfolk*, Esquire.

*SIR,*

**I**F I am bold, it is in fulfilling your desires : I am confident you well remember when we were Prisoners together, that your self gave me the several subjects of these short *Meditations* ; I confess I have no

A 2      cause

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

cause to blush at the subjects, but I fear you will find cause to blush at the bad performance of your desires; however, I have done my endeavor; and if you please to own it worth your acceptance, I shall own your acceptance worth my labor, and ever remain

*Affectionately yours,*

J O H N   Q U A R L E S .

T O



TO THE  
READER.

Kinde Reader,

**L** *Et me lay this Injunction upon thee before thou permittest thy eye to survey this little Volume, that thou wilt resolve to pardon, I will not say for what, for fear thou shouldest be scrupulous and not read; The subject is Divine,*  
*A 3 and*

## To the Reader.

*and I confess too good to be so  
badly handled; however, I  
have done my endeavour, and  
Alexander did no more when  
he conquered Kingdoms: But  
Reader, because I will not de-  
tain thine eye too long in one  
place, I bid thee*

Farewel.

---

To



## To my Muse.

**T**ELL *we presumptuous Muse, how dar'st thou treat  
Upon a Subject so sublime, so great!  
Alas how dare thy infancy aspire  
So high as Heaven, where the Celestial Quire  
Of Soul-enchanting Angels, hourly sing,  
Anthems of joy to their mellifluous King!  
This is a task that invokes the best  
And loftiest quills; Heav'n's love must not b'express'd  
With wanton language: he that shall presume  
To labour in this work, must first perfume  
His Soul with true Divinity, and breathe  
Celestial ayrs, that Readers may perceive  
Their Author labours with a serious heart  
To embalm his actions with divinest art;  
This is a field whose spacious bounds extend  
Themselves to infinite; who strives to end  
Shall still begin, and having once begun  
This pleasing progress, must not cease to run  
Until he stops in Heaven, there lies the gain,  
Who runs with Faith is certain to obtain.*

*If then my Muse, thou canst divinely mount  
This sacred Stage, thou needst not fear i' account*

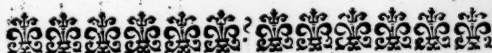
*Thy*

Thy actions prosperous, strive thou to stand  
Guarded with Faith, and Heav'n will lend a hand  
To prop thee up, his power will infuse  
Sufficient matter for an active Muse  
To work upon, his wisdom will direct  
Thy painful hand, his Mercies will correct  
Thy rambling thoughts, and teach thee to proclaim  
Th' unsumm'd up glories of his Royal Name ;  
Abandon Earth, and bid vain thoughts adieu,  
Thou canst not serve thy God and Mammon too ;  
Rouse then, and let thy well-prun'd Eagles wings  
Mount thee aloft, let not terrestrial things  
Disturb thy resolutions, let them all  
Evade thy mind ; thy thoughts must grow too tall  
For such low toys : stir up thy zealous fire,  
And what thou canst not well express, admire.

---

DIVINE





DIVINE  
MEDITATIONS  
Upon several subjects.

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## I.

**G**Roans, midnight groans; usurp the Com-  
monwealth,

Oh my infringed Soul! I know no health,  
Nor feel no pleasure, all my joyes are fled:  
I know not where, and I am worse than dead.

*Heav'n shouldring Atlas, if compar'd to me  
Bears nothing, mine's a weighty misery.*

## II.

Ah me, can nothing cure me, is my grief

So much insurable, that no relief

Can flow from Gilead? do my sins obstruct

Those tydes of grace which usually conduct

*Refreshments to me? Oh most dismal fate!*

*He feels a plague too soon, that grieves too late,*

## 2 *Divine Meditations.*

### III.

Cimmerian mists, alas ! and what are they ?  
( Compar'd to me ) less than a glorious day.  
The sense of my own blindness makes me know  
The blindness of my senses. Can a woe  
Be more exub'rous ? here's a grief refin'd,  
*A seeing Body, and a Soul that's blind.*

### IV.

The sight-deprived wretch, whose darkned fate  
Makes day and night ( as 'twere ) incorporate,  
And knowes no difference, but still gropes about,  
And finds his Day within, his Night without :  
*But I, sad I, being muffled up in sin,  
Find Day without, alas ! but Night within.*

### V.

Saddest of thoughts ! Oh that I could espy  
One gracious Sun-beam, that my willing eye,  
Might, like the dawning of the Infant-day,  
Grow by degrees, and at the last display  
Some glorious rayes to my endarkened heart,  
I'd hug that light, and never let it part.

But

# Divine Meditations. 3

## VI.

But I, unhappy I, whose former dayes  
Consum'd in ill, have quite expell'd the rayes  
Of future happines; and now I see  
All evil is epitomiz'd in me.

*Too late I grieve, for what I feel too soon;  
The Sun lets fall his fiercest rayes at noon.*

## VII.

Though foggy vapours oftentimes ascend,  
Being exhale'd by a Solar friend,  
From Earths chill breth, and for a season shroud  
Themselves within an entertaining cloud.

*Yet at the last, (unwilling to remaine)  
Disclond themselves, and fall to Earth again.*

## VIII.

But ah! my sin-exhaling soul is fill'd  
With noysome fogs that cannot be distill'd;  
They keep a forc'd possession, and encrease  
Within me, nay, and riot out my peace.

*Needs must the Empire of a troubled brain  
Feel store of torments where such Neroes reign.*

## 4 *Divine Meditations.*

### IX.

Corporeal griefs, comparatively, merit  
The name of *Pleasures* to a troubled spirit :  
Martyrs have taught, that temporary pains  
( If well improv'd ) swell into future gains.  
*Grief's banisht quite from him that dyes forgiven ;*  
*A Storm on Earth portends a Calm in Heaven.*

### X.

As woe and trouble commonly await  
Upon the frailty of a humane state ;  
So Grace and Mercy evermore are found  
Attending, where Divinity sits crown'd.  
*Alb ! would it not be undiscreeely done,*  
*To sit in darknes to avoid the Sun ?*

### XI.

If Heaven should please to banish from our sight  
His glorious Lamp, whose most diffusive light  
Gives life to nature, all things would retire  
Into a Chaos, and the world expire.

*The Soul's a World-divine, and Christ's the Sun,*  
*Who shining not, the World is chang'd, not done.*

We

# Divine Meditations. 5

## XII.

We may observe, when happiness concludes,  
How soon the sad and fatal interludes  
Of Misery appear: for Grief and Joy  
Are Initiators. When our sins destroy  
The happiness we had, *Ab then appears*  
*Mischief attended with an host of fears.*

## XIII.

*Adam* ( unhappy man ! ) with what a grace  
Could he present himself before the face  
Of his well-pleas'd Creator, till the heat  
Of his own lust compel'd him to retreat  
From Gods commands. *Ab then, his new-bred fear*  
*Made him afraid to see, as well as hear.*

## XIV.

Let but the apples of the tender eye  
Receive a sudden touch, and by and by  
The sympathizing part will quickly be  
Frighted ( as 'twere ) into a mutiny,  
So when the Sin-toucht soul begins to smart,  
The sentiate faculties must bear a part.

## 6 *Divine Meditations.*

### XV.

Courage In *Sin*, is but a *Sin* enlarg'd;  
Which like a deep-mouth'd Cannon over-charg'd  
Recoyles or breaks. Had *Peter* found no vent  
For his denying-fins, his soul had rent  
It self in pieces. *Blest is he and wise,*  
*That can discharge his sorrow at his eyes.*

### XVI.

Sins that do float in tears, are often drown'd  
In their own floods; When real sighs abound,  
They raise a tempest, and our sins are tost  
Against the rocks of Mercy, till they're lost.  
*When sins beleaguer us with hostile fears,*  
*There's no Artillery like Davids tears.*

### XVII.

Curst (like the Fig-tree) is that barren eye  
That in a flood of Sins is alwayes dry.  
Teares are the choicest Jewels which are set  
Like Orient Pearls in Heaven's rich Cabiner.  
*When Faith implores, th' Almighty One that lent*  
*A vent for tears, will send us tears to vent.*

*Faith*

# Divine Meditations. 7

## XVIII.

*Faith is the Souls best Orator ; 'tis known,  
There is no Musick like a faithful groan.  
A Whisp'ring faith will find a ready ear,  
When a loud-thundring faithless voice must steer  
From whence it came, no audience will be given,  
A soft tongu'd Faith on Earth speaks loud in Heaven.*

## XIX.

*Faith feeds the hungry , and it safe-guards those,  
That fear the danger of incensed Foes.  
Tis Heavens proof-armor, he that wears this shield  
May safely meet Goliath in the Field.  
'Tis heavenly mirth to hear a David sing ;  
'Twas Faith that kill'd Goliath, not a sling.*

## XX.

*The precious balsom of a sound belief,  
Expels the poy son of a raging grief.  
The womans bloody issue could not be  
Cur'd, but by Faiths Divine Chirurgery.  
When grief assailes, the patient must be sure  
I'apply warm prayers, and Faith will end the cure.*

## 8 *Divine Meditations.*

### XXI.

*Reason and Faith are Combatants, the One  
Demands a (why) the other will be known  
Without a reason, for the powerful hand  
Of Faith can fight, where reason cannot stand.  
He that believes what's possible, can strain  
His Faith no higher than a humane brain.*

### XXII.

*Faith is the mindes establiſher, ſhould we  
Believe but what we underſtand, and ſee,  
We ſhould prove Infidels: had Abraham try'd  
His Faith by humane ſence, his Faith had dy'd.  
But barren Sarah, when her time was run,  
Bleſt aged Abraham with a ſmiling Son.*

### XXIII.

*When our eſtranged aſhes, ſhall lye hid  
In their corruptions, reaſon will forbid  
Their re-uniting, but a faithful eye  
Sees them inclining to their unity.  
If we obſerve, we ſhall be ſure to find  
That Faith ſees beſt, when humane reaſon's blind.*

A



# Divine Meditations. 9

## XXIV.

A well-deserving eye, shall always find  
*Faith* and *Theology*, as close combin'd  
As *Mattb'* and *Mary* were; who strive to smother  
The one, must needs extirpate the other.

*Accurst be they that separate such friends:  
Destroy the consort, and the musick ends.*

## XXV.

Th' inflamed Lamp shines in a darksome night,  
And fills each corner with a trembling light;  
But when extinguisht our benighted eye,  
Leaves every object in obscurity.

*So shining Faith (snufft out by sin) expires  
And leaves us muffle'd in our dark desires.*

## XXVI.

*Faith's* a *Monoculist*, and can descry  
The Sun of Glory with a single eye.  
It comprehenderh all things, every place  
Where she aboads, is beautifi'd with grace.

*He's like a pregnant Land that knows no dearth,  
But brings forth many off-springs at one birth.*

*Faith*

10 *Divine Meditations.*

XXVII.

*Faith* can unnaturalize a *Lion*, and  
Make him lye subject to a strict command;  
Or *Daniel* had not liv'd, his *Lamb* had power;  
To make the *Lions* tremble, not devour :  
Be pleas'd Ob Lord, to look upon our *Sion*,  
And send this *Lamb* to chase away our *Lion*.

XXVIII.

When once despised *Faith* is laid aside,  
Needs must the Fabrick of *Religion* slide.  
An unpropt-house, with danger is enjoy'd,  
And *Pallaces* prove rubbish when destroy'd.  
Ob how unblest is that declining Nation,  
Where *Faith's* quite lost, *Religion's* out of fashion.

XXIX.

*Faith* and *Religion* like the *Turtle-dove*,  
Having lost her first, admits no second love.  
The troubled *Ocean* is not easly still'd,  
Tis far more easie to destroy than build.  
When *Faſtion* thrives, *Religion* starves at nurse,  
Who sins with *Ægypt*, must have *Ægypt's* curse.  
Sure

# Divine Meditations. II

## XXX.

Sure sad Religion, cannot chuse but groan  
Under deformity, when every one  
Shall dress her at his pleasure: is it good  
To cancel that, which Martyrs seal'd with blood?  
*Sure no it is not, blessings are despis'd,  
When pure Religion's so much Proteumiz'd.*

## XXXI.

I'd rather want a blessing, than abuse  
The blessing that I have, th' apostate *Jewes*  
Can evidence this truth, for whilst they stood  
To save the evil, they destroy'd the good.  
*Did it not add to Pilates sin, who cry'd,  
I find no fault, and yet our Saviour dy'd?*

## XXXII.

Had *Judas* known the blessings he possess't,  
In being private to our Saviours breast;  
Sure then his most inordinate desires,  
Had found no fuel to maintain his fires.  
*Best things in their corruption prove the worst,  
Truth speaks aloud, for Judas was accurst.*

Alas

## 12 *Divine Meditations.*

### XXXIII.

Alas how fondly did our thoughts despise  
These sacred joys, which now we chiefly prize  
Because we want them, and we sadly prove  
The want of blessings tutors us to love  
*The blessings that we had, if I transgress,*  
*Let David witness what my thoughts express.*

### XXXIV.

Th' unfathom'd gulf of mans unsatiate mind  
Proves most outrageous, when 'tis most confin'd.  
I could perswade my self, if 'twere a sin  
Not to be sinful, Man would soon begin  
*To practise goodness, for the flesh would be*  
*Oppugnant to the Spirits faculty.*

### XXXV.

The raging fire, the more it is depresso  
The more it burns, our Parent Eve transgress  
Because she was forbid, although she knew  
What unavoided danger would accrew.  
*Yet her unsatisfi'd desires were such,*  
*She could not chuse but tast as well as touch.*

*Factions*

# Divine Meditations. 13

## XXXVI.

Faction's the worst of Evils, 'tis a sin  
Beyond addition ; when we once begin  
To fall to *Heresie*, we know not how  
Nor what to act, alas we can allow  
A firm respect to nothing, *for to day,*  
*We hug what we to morrow cast away.*

## XXXVII.

If we observe, it may be quickly seen  
How great a disproportion is between  
The Schools of God, and Nature, we conceive  
In Natures Schooles, before we can believe ;  
*But in the Schools of God we must aspire ,*  
*First to believe, conceive, and then admire.*

## XXXVIII.

Affliction is the Christians badge, who knows  
Earths greatest pleasure, find her greatest woes,  
Alas what are th' injoyments of this life,  
But fleeting shadows which denote a strife ?  
*If Davids troubles sojourn in my brest,*  
*Lord give me Davids heart, and I am blest.*

## 14 *Divine Meditations*

### XXXIX.

He that endures Affliction, must abide  
The harsh directions of his knowing Guide :  
For they that travel in this world must take  
Affliction by the hand, or else they'l make  
A fruitless journey. *He's a senseless slave,  
That dances with Earth's Musick to his grave.*

### XL.

Affliction is sins Nursery, and they  
That kill the Brat, must take the Nurse away ;  
If not, they must expect what's much more worse,  
For sin is known to be the Devils Nurse.  
Then may they cry with lamentable breath,  
*No wages will content the Nurse, but death.*

### XLI.

Wouldst thou prevent affliction? then draw near,  
I'll tell thee how, when sin begins t' appear,  
Drown it in teares, teares of a heavenly race,  
He that includes a sin, excludes a Grace.  
*Sin often grows too aged for relief:  
There is no danger like a non-ag'd grief.*

The

XXLII.

The wise man grieves not, that he undergoes  
Affliction, but because he fully knows  
His many sins deserv'd as many more,  
If ten times doubl'd, than he did before.

*Patience in things adverse, like Stars, shine bright,  
And most transparent in the darkest night.*

XLIII.

'Tis good to be afflicted, or else he  
That spoke it took delight in Misery.  
If *David's* sins infect thee, let thy heart  
Be bath'd in *David's* tears, and then thou art  
Indeared unto Heaven : for he that lent  
*Much time to sin, must borrow to repent.*

XLIV.

Repentance leaps to Heav'n, if we expect  
A future blessing, we must not neglect  
This present business, which if we delay,  
Wee'l want to morrow, what we lost to day :  
*But let's consider e're our time be spent,  
How soon we sin, and yet how late repent.*

He

# 16 *Divine Meditations.*

## XLV.

He that delays Repentance, makes great haste  
To his own ruine, and commits a waste  
Upon his Soul, for every hour we spend  
And not repent, we wilfully befriend  
Our Adversary, Hell, whose Gins being set,  
*He lyes and watches, when to draw the Net.*

## XLVI.

The Net being drawn, well may we run about,  
And make our selves more fast, attempting out.  
Then our betrayed Souls may sadly say  
Had we repented, when 'twas said, to-day,  
This Net hath not insnar'd us, nor we cry,  
*We that did ever sin, must ever dye.*

---

God





Gods Love,

AND

*Mans Unworthiness.*

**G**OD! how that word hath thunder-clapt my  
Soul

Into a ravishment; I must condole

My forward weakness; Ah, where shall I find

Sufficient *Metaphors* t' express my mind?

Thou heart-amusing word, how hast thou filld

My Soul with *Hallelujahs*, and distil'd

Wonders into me! Oh, that I could break

My heart in pieces, and divinely speak

My mind in Raptures, that the frantique Earth

May bath it self in these sweet streams of mirth.

C

Then

## Gods Love,

Then rouse my Soul, and practise how to turn  
Thy wonders into language ; do not burn  
Thy sacred fuel in a place where none  
Can have the benefit but thee alone.

Hoist up thy Sails, and let thy speedy motion  
Hurry thee hence into the boundless *Ocean* :  
Observe thy *Compass*, keep a constant pace,  
And *Heav'n* will steer thee to the Port of Grace.

'Tis strange to think, how the *Almighty* can  
(That is so pure) love such a thing as *Man*,  
Whose primitive corruption makes him worse  
Than nothing, whose *Rebellion* claims a Curse,  
More than affection : How can *Heav'n* endure  
A thing that can be nothing but impure ?  
*Man* (like a word that's void of reason) sounds  
In every ear, his very name expounds  
A misery ; at best, he needs must be  
But vain ; And how can *Heav'n* love vanity ?  
*Man* ( like a shadow ) flies before the Sun  
Of his *Afflictions*, and is still undone  
By his own doing, he's his own pursuer ;  
And how can *Heav'n* love such a self-undoer ?  
*Man* (like a naked worm) is often found  
Digging himself into the loathsome ground  
Of ruine, he's a *Traitor* to his Bliss ;  
And how can *Heav'n* love such a worm as this ?

Man

## *Mans Unworthiness.* 3

Man ( like a flash of lightning ) courts the world  
With lavish flames, and by and by is hurl'd  
Into that Nothing, whence at first he came ;  
Then how can God love such a short-liv'd flame ?  
Man ( like a Reed ) is evermore inclin'd  
To shake, and rotter with each blast of wind ;  
He's always running to the ground with speed :  
And how can *Heav'n* love such an earthly Reed ?  
Man ( like the dust ) is always blown, and tost  
From place to place, and flies, till it has lost  
Its Center ; never resting in one place : (face ?  
Then how can *Heav'n* love that which flies in's  
Man ( like a Fly ) still buzzes up and down  
From cup to cup, and slips on, till he drown  
Himself in pleasure ; fears no stander by :  
And how can *Heav'n* love such a drunken Fly ?  
Man ( like a Rain-bow ) oftentimes appears  
Clothed in colours, but can claim no years,  
No days, nay hardly hours, but must decay ;  
And how can *heav'n* love that which loves no stay ?  
Man ( like a bubble ) floats upon the waves  
Of his desires, whilst every blast enslaves  
His brittle substance, fill'd with windy troubles ;  
And how can *heav'n* love such unconstant bubbles ?  
Man ( like the froth ) spew'd from the *Oceans* breast  
Is tyded up and down, but knows no rest,

# 4      *God's Love,*

Nor Perpetuity ; and can betroth  
 It self to nothing : *Heav'n* loves no such froth.  
 Man (like the wind) is every moment flying  
 To every place, and hates to be complying  
 Or resting any where ; how can it be ?  
 That *Heav'n* can love so much inconstancy ?  
 Man (like a Swallow) loves the fragrant spring  
 Of earths delights, but with a spreading wing  
 Flies from the Winters more congealed Brest ;  
 And how can *Heav'n* love such a Summer Guest ?  
 Man (like a smock) presumptuously aspires  
 Into the air, and by and by retires  
 Himself to nothing, nothing's his conclusion ;  
 And how can *Heav'n* love such a base confusion ?  
 Man (like a fire ) whose green and scragged fuel  
 Denies to burn until it fights a duel  
 With the encountring Bellows, which at last  
 Obtains the conquest, then it burns as fast,  
 And seems as 'twere, ambitious to expire ;  
 Then how can *Heav'n* love such a raging fire ?  
 Man (like an Arrow) being once let go  
 Out from the *Archers* well commanded Bow,  
 Affronts the Clouds; at last, having spent the store  
 Of his small strength, falls down, & seems t' adore  
 Th' inferior Earth, which, with a welcome, hides  
 His down-cast head within her wounded sides,  
Where

## Mans Unworthiness. 5

Where he remains, and scorns to be withstood :

*Man can be anything, but what is good.*

And cannot *Man* be good ? strange kind of tone !

What ? has he wept himself into a stone,

Like *Niobie* ? no sure ; I fear his eyes

Were never loaded with such large supplies :

Ah, could he weep a Flood, *Heav'n* that prepares

His ears to hear, would bottle up his tears

In his remembrance ; every drop should shine

Like *Pearls* absconded in a golden *Myne* :

His *sins* command a *Deluge* ; could his head

Be turn'd into a *fountain*, could he shed

An *Ocean* at a drop, it could not cover

His *sins* ( which are mountainous ) from the Lover

Of real *drops*, for he would soon descry

Those sand excelling *crimes*, where ere they lie :

Yet would his *Soul* so much compassionate

The flowing sorrows of his watry state,

That with a calming hand he would remove

His rocky *sins*, and hide them with his Love ;

He would have pity, and with speed consent

T' express his *love*, when all our *tears* are spent.

Should *Heav'n*, who justly may, for every *sin*

Drop down a *Plague*, and make it live within

Mans guilty *Soul*, the world would quickly be

Transform'd, and chang'd into a leprosie.

Let none despair, for *Heav'n's* known mercies can  
 Out-infinite the greatest *sins* of *man*.  
 Oh love beyond degree! Shall *Heav'n* indulge  
 Himself to *Man*? and shall not *Man* divulge  
 A gratefulness to him, whose hand prepares  
 To wipe away his sin-polluted *carcs*?  
 Ungrateful *Miscreant*, how canst thou view  
 Thy former *Miseries*, and not renew  
 Thy thanks to him whose *Power* set thee free,  
 And brought thee back from thy *Captivity*?  
 Hast thou abandon'd *Love*? wilt thou imprint  
 Thy *Soul* with baseness? Ah, what obvious *flint*  
 Hath turn'd Affections edge? what, art thou bent  
 To shoot at him, that labours to prevent  
 The Arrows of thy ruine, which will fly  
 Into thy brest, except he puts them by?  
 Hast thou transform'd thy heart into a rock  
 That will not move? Shall mercy call and knock,  
 And thou not hear? What? hast thou arm'd thy  
 With senseless marble, that no flaming dart (heart  
 Of love can enter? Hast thou vow'd to stand  
 In opposition? Cannot *Gods* Command  
 Force thee to bow? Art thou resolv'd to sport  
 With thy destruction, and not yield the Fort?  
 Oh yield betimes; do not resolve to be  
 Too much a slave to Infidelity:

# Mans Unworthiness. 7

For know (frail wretch) thy strength consists in clay  
When Mercy's lost, then Judgment finds the way.  
Rally thy thoughts together, and throw down  
Thy brazen walls, thy yielding yields a Crown :  
For 'tis in vain to oppose an arm that can  
Out-grasp the measure of so small a span.  
Alas, Alas ! it may be quickly seen  
What a large disproportion is between  
Thy God, and thee : Consider, he is all,  
And thou art nothing ; what can be more small ?  
Or what more great ? for he is infinite,  
And thou art finite : He is full of light,  
And thou of darkness ; He is fill'd with love,  
And thou art stuff'd with baseness ; He's a Dove,  
And thou a Worm : Thus, thus thou mayst descry  
His firmness, and thine own infirmity.  
Then be not obstinate, but strike the Sails  
Of thy desires to him that never fails ;  
And know, 'tis easie in an inch of time  
To take a worm ingarrison'd with slime ;  
For such a thing thou art, and all thy power  
Must yield to Heavens assaults ; thy April shower  
Has no continuance : therefore do not strive  
Against a God, whose wisdom can contrive  
What pleases him : Alas ! thy state is grounded  
Upon contingencies, thou art compounded

Of nothing but uncertainties ; thy Arm  
 Assumes no power, except it be to harm  
 Thy wilful self : Then why wilt thou contend  
 With him that importunes to be thy friend?  
 Thy friend, (soul-saving word) what higher bliss  
 Can crown a heart, than such a friend as this ?  
 Oh life of Ravishment ! how can it be  
 A God, a worm, and yet a Sympathie ?  
 Strange condescension ! was the like e're known  
 Or spoke by any mouth, except his own ?  
 Hie balmy breath declares, that he will save  
 And succor those that faithfully do crave  
 His blest assistance : Hark, and hear him say,  
*Ye that are heavy loaded, come away,*  
*Oh come to me, I am content to bear*  
*Your burthens, and extenuate your care:*  
 What higher note of love was ever strain'd  
 To any ear ? Oh how hath man obtain'd  
 So great a friendship ! 'Tis a happy lot,  
 Nay, and a wonder not to be forgor.  
 And yet it is not strange, that he should prove  
 So true a Lover, that's compos'd of Love,  
 And can do nothing else : If he correct,  
 'Tis for thy crimes : he only has th' effect  
 Of anger : for his grieved spirit moans  
 To punish Sinners, and to hear their groans:



## Mans Unworthiness. 9

His Soul takes no delight to crush to death  
The offending pris'ners of th' inferior Earth :  
He is the rich Exchequer of all good,  
And is by nothing (except man) withstood.  
All things perform what they were made to do;  
But only man, that strives to prove untrue  
To his Creator : nothing can be found  
Within thy brest, but that which is unsound.  
How sad it is to hear th' Almighty say ,  
I've nourish'd children, that are gone astray,  
And scorn to own me ! Oh rebellious dust !  
That hate my paths, because my ways are just.  
The Ox will know his Owner, and the Ass  
His Masters crib ; but *Israel*, alas,  
Will not acknowledge me, but have destroy'd  
Themselves, & made their understanding void :  
Has not my fury then just cause to swell,  
Because they can do nothing but rebel ?  
Nefandous Creature, how canst thou endure  
Thy wretched self ? Ah , why wilt thou procure  
Thine own destructions ? shall all creatures be  
Obedient to their owners, only thee ?  
And wilt thou not acknowledge him that gave  
Large blessings to thee, and desires to save  
Thy Soul from torments, if thou wouldst incline  
Thy will to his, whose thoughts are all divine ?  
For-

# Gods Love,

Forget obduracy, and learn the Art  
 Of loving him, that loves an upright heart :  
 Go ruminare upon thy base estate,  
 And be unto thy self, compassionate.  
 Yield to thy Maker with a cheerful brow ?  
 First know what 'tis to love, and after, how,  
 Love is the *Laws* fulfiller ; he that will  
 Love God aright, must practise how to fill  
 His Soul with true affection ; for the ways  
 Of *Heav'n* are pay'd with Love : Immortal praise  
 Attend his Courts ; he that forgets to love  
 Forgets his God : They that desire to prove  
*Heav'ns* amatorious Guests, must first admire  
 How such a spark as man came to aspire  
 To such a flame, and how he came to be,  
 Not only *Earths*, but *Heavens*, Epitomie :  
 Be serious then, and let thy thoughts reflect  
 Upon *Heav'ns* goodness, and thy disrespect.

God out of Nothing (except Love) compil'd  
 This spacious World, as if some princely child  
 Were to be born : His providential care  
 Was (as it were) ambitious to prepare  
 The quintessence of pleasures to invite  
 Some stately Guest to banquet with delight.  
 First he extracted from a darksome Cell  
 A glorious Light, whose beauty pleas'd him well ;  
 Then

## Mans Unworthiness. II

Then he prepar'd a *Canopy*, inlayd  
With glittering *Pearl*, whose twinkling luster made  
A *Heav'nly* shew; and afterwards his hand  
Dash'd back the waters from the naked Land:  
Then he commanded, that the Earth, being come  
Out from the Oceans new delivered womb,  
Should be adorn'd with an imbroidered Gown,  
That so her new-warm'd bowels might abound  
With several fruits. ———

————— Thus having plaid his part  
Upon this Theatre, this life of Art,  
He usher'd in a thing, which pleas'd him best,  
(He made the Feast, and after made the Guest;)   
Call'd by the name of *Man*, a naked, small.  
And dusty, shiftless Creature; this was all,  
And all this nothing, but a lump of death,  
Until inspir'd by *Heav'n's* all-quickning breath.  
Vain, simple wretch; ah, how couldst thou behave  
Thy self before a Judge so great, so grave?  
Hadst thou but seen thy self, thou wouldst have  
Thy self to death, and with a blush, defy'd (cry'd  
Thy base estate, to think that thou should'st be  
Natures most base and rude *Anatomie*.  
Couldst thou expect that *Heav'n* would entertain  
A thing so poor? so weak? so vile? so vain?

Which

Which like a spark blown from a new-made fire  
 Can onely shew it self, and then expire,  
 Was it for this the All-Creator made  
 Such large provision ? Was't for this he laid  
 Such rich Foundations ? Was't for this his Power  
 Deckt this well-pleasing odoriferous Bower ?  
 Was it for this (this little world) he form'd  
 A world so great ? was it for this he warm'd  
 The Earths chill bosom ? was't for this he spent  
 His six days Labor ? was't for this intent  
 He made a *Paradise* ? where *Flora* spread  
 Her fragrant off-spring, and made Earth a Bed  
 Of rare compounded pleasures, where he plac'd  
 This new-come *Guest*, whose very looks disgrac'd  
 The Face of Beauty, to whose thriftless hand  
 He gave that *Government*, with this Command :

Of all the Trees that here thou dost behold,  
 Thy lips being authoriz'd, thou mayst be bold  
 To taste with freedom, only one, which I  
 Conjure thee from, therefore restrain thine eye  
 From lusting after it ; if not, thy breath  
 Shall glut it self in everlasting death :  
 Forget not my Commands, but let thy brest  
 Be always faithful, and thou shalt be blest.

Thus the Recorder having spoke at large  
 This well-deliver'd (although ill-kept) Charge,  
 He after said ;

# *Mans Unworthiness.* 13

*is not good that man should be alone  
without a help, He therefore make him one.  
Oh sacred prudence! Here we may discern  
sweet conjunction; here our Souls may learn  
Wisdom and Love, both which, if not enjoyd,  
pleasures prove vanities, and blessings void.  
Satan, whose unidle art-full hand had set  
Man, as a Jewel, in his Cabiner,  
thought it unfit, that those delights which he  
had made by his most powerful Love, should be  
monopoliz'd by one, he therefore laid  
Adam asleep, and having done, he made  
Out of a crooked Rib (strange kind of Art)  
A woman, fair, compleat, in every part;  
Nay, and a helper too: for in conclusion  
she helpt poor Adam to his own confusion.  
Oh most detested deed! Unconstant wife,  
To prove a Traitor to thy Husbands life  
As soon as made: Fond wretch could nothing suit  
With thy nice palate, but forbidden fruit?  
Ah, could thy longing lie no longer hid?  
What? didst thou long, because thou wert forbid?  
Was there no tree that could content thy eye,  
But only that which was forbidden? Fie,  
Oh shame to think thou shouldst so quickly waste  
Thine hours of pleasure for a minutes taste:  
Couldst*

Couldst thou not like, or fall in love with any  
 But that? *Heav'n* had but one, & thou hadst many  
 Wherewith to please thine appetite; and yet  
 Wouldst thou prove so ambitious, as to sit  
 Upon the highest twigg? Ah, could th' advice  
 Of Satan tempt thee to this avarice.

With so much ease, and make thee rashly do  
 So foul a deed, and tempt thy *Adam* too?

Preposterous wretch, how hast thou spread a cloud  
 Over thy head? what? didst thou think to throw  
 Thy self from vengeance? Having eat thy death  
 Couldst thou expect to live? Oh no, thy breath  
 Offended *Heav'n*: but ah, hadst thou but thought

(Before thy heart had entertain'd a fault  
 So great as this) what 'twas to die, thy mind  
 Had made thee more abstemious, and confin'd  
 Thy base inordinate desires; thy meat  
 Had prov'd delightful, and thy comforts great:  
 But now, unhappy now, thy crimes have made  
 Thy Soul Deaths Debtor, and thou art betrayd  
 By thine own self; therefore prepare to meet  
 Thy wrathful Judge: 'tis said stoln goods are sweet,  
 But thine prov'd *sour*, the fruits wch thou hast stole  
 Sugar'd thy mouth, but wormwoodiz'd thy soul:  
 When thou hadst eaten, Ah! why didst thou not  
 Tremble to death, to think thou hadst forgot

Thy

## *Mans Unworthiness.* 15

Thy Gods *Commands*, & that his Judgments must  
Follow thy Soul, and blow thee into dust ?

Thus *Eve*, thus *Adam*, having vilipended  
Their Gods *Commands*, their happines soon ended  
Their joys were turn'd to mourning, & their light  
Was turn'd to darkness, and their day to night;  
Both being too much conscious, fled with speed  
To hide themselves from *God*, but not the deed.

Even as some poor distressed wretch desires  
To hide himself from the enraged fires  
Of his incensed Foe, runs up and down  
To shun the rage of a condemned frown;  
At last observing his enquiring Foe  
Approach the place, lies still, and dares not blow;  
For fear the wordless Eccho of his breath  
Should soon betray him to a sudden death:  
Being at last descry'd, his throbbing heart  
Gives an Alarum to each trembling part;  
Fear, like an Earthquake, then begins to shake  
His loosen'd joynts, he knows not how to make  
A ready answer to his foes demands;  
But, as a sad convicted man, he stands  
Subjected to his will, that can dispence  
With nothing, but with death, to calm th' offence.  
Even so Guilt-loaded *Adam* having done  
A deed so foul, prepares himself to run

To

To some close shelter where he might immure  
 His naked body, and repose secure :  
 But ah, in vain, in vain he strove to hide  
 Himself from *God*, that need implore no guide  
 To reach him where his sad offender lay ;  
 He needs must find when sin hath chalk'd th' way  
 But when *Heav'n's* shrill-enquiring voice surround  
 The ears of *Adam*, *Adam* was confounded (de  
 With deep distress, his heart began to call  
 His quivering Senses to a Funeral :  
 Fear, like a powerful fire, began to thaw  
 His frozen thoughts, and keep his Soul in awe ;  
 He breath'd in a *Dilemma*, and could find  
 No Sanctuary for a perjur'd mind :  
 At last the Language of th' Eternal *God*  
 Storm'd his Sin-armed Soul, and like a Rod  
 Whipt him from his security, and cry'd,  
*Adam, where art thou ? Adam* thus reply'd,  
 I heard thee walking in the pleasing shade  
 Of the cool ev'ning, and I was afraid,  
 And hid my self, because I must confess,  
 I blusht to see my shameful nakedness.

G O D.

(know

Tell me, thou trembling wretch, how dost thou  
 That thou art naked ? say, who told thee so ?

What



## Mans Unworthiness. 33

What? has thy lips usurp'd the fruit which I  
Conjur'd thee not to touch? if so, reply.

*Adam.*

The *woman* which thou gav'st me, gave to me,  
And I did eat of the forbidden tree.

*G O D.*

Unconstant *woman*! Ah, why hast thou run (done?)  
Beyond thy bounds? what's this that thou hast

*Woman.*

The *Serpents* flowing language swel'd too great  
For my low banks: he tempted, and I eat.

*Gods Curse against the Serpent.*

Because thou hast thus subtilty deluded  
The lustful *woman*, thou shalt be excluded  
From future good; more shall thy curses yield  
Than all the *Beasts* and *Cattel* in the field:  
Thy belly shall (because thou hast done this)  
Give to the earth a life-remaining kiss;  
Thou shalt not taste of any thing that's good,  
Dust shall supply the place of wholesome food.  
Curst be thy ways, thou shalt no more be seen  
By me: I will put enmity between

D

Thy

Thy seed and hers ; hereafter thou shalt feel  
A bruised *head*, and she a bruised *heel*.

*Gods Curse against the Woman.*

And as for thee, oh *Woman*, I'll enlarge  
Thy grief and thy conception ; I'll discharge  
Thy joyes, and load thee with a weightry grief ;  
Thy pains in child-bed shall find no relief ;  
Thou shalt desire thy *Husband*, and his hand  
Shall over-rule thee with a strict command.

*Adams Curse.*

Rebellious *Adam*, unto thee I'll give  
A Life as bad as *Death*, for thou shalt live  
To see thy sorrows more and more abound,  
And for thy sake I'll curse the loathed ground ;  
For thou hast hark'ned to the conquering voice  
Of thy frail *wife*, and made my fruit thy choice,  
And sepulchred my words within the grave  
Of thy false *beatt* ; begon, thou self-made slave  
The thorny ground shall give a large increase  
To thy laborious hand ; the name of *Peace*  
Shall prove a stranger to thy ears, and thou  
Shalt eat thy bread with a sweat-dropping brow  
I'll murder all thy joys ; thy brest shall burn  
With flaming care, until thy corps return

## Mans Unworthiness. 35

Into the bowels of th' inclusive earth ; (birth :  
From whence thou hadst thy substance, and thy  
For base thou art, and therefore thou shalt be  
A food for gnawing worms, and not for me :  
As thou art dust, to dust thou shalt retire ;

*Hereafter let not dust presume to aspire.*

Strange alteration ! Oh pernicious fate ;  
Too quickly bred in such an Infant-state !  
He that but even now enjoy'd a life  
Ballanc'd with pleasures, now is fill'd with strife :  
He, whose Majestick Soul was lately crown'd  
With blest content, is now ingulf'd, and drown'd  
In sorrows Ocean ; He, which was before  
Inrich'd with happiness, is now as poor  
As poverty can make him ; He, which had  
The countenance of Heav'n to make him glad,  
Is now eclips'd ; he knows not where to run,  
Sin having interpos'd between the Sun  
And his dark Soul, the Center of whose rest  
Is now remov'd, and he survives unblest,  
He, which but even now had leave to dwell  
And revel in Heav'n's eye, desires a Cell  
To entertain him ! he which liv'd in Peace  
Is now thrown down, and forfeited his Lease :  
Great was his Crime, great was his sudden Fall,  
Great was his Tenement, his Rent but small :

Poor *Adam's* taken by his own decoys ;

*Sin is the Sequestrator of all j ys.*

Sad *Pilgrim* of the world, where wilt thou find  
(In the unparched earth) a place so kind

To entertain thee? Ah, where wilt thou keep  
(Thus tumbled from a *Precipice* so steep)

The sad unpeopl'd rendezvouz? Oh where  
Wilt thou procure a hand that will unshare

Th'intrangled *Soul*? Alas thy wearied life

Hath two most sad companions; first a *Wife*,

Than a bad *Conscience*, what two greater crosses

Can hang upon a brest, whose cares, whose losses,

Are grown so infinit, that no relief,

But what distills from Heav'n, can ease their grief?

Thou wert the first of *men* that entertain'd

So grand a sorrow, thou the first that stain'd

So pure a colour, thou the first that dwelt

In *Edens* garden, thou the first that felt

The scourge of fury; hadst thou not transgress'd,

Vengeance had found no hand, nor grief a brest.

Ah, hadst thou not offended, sin had found

No habitation, nor thy *Soul* a wound:

Had not thy hand so wilfully unlock'd

The door of *Death*, Destruction had not knock'd

At thine impenetrable gates, or ventur'd

To approach so near; but being open'd, enter'd

Bold

## *Mans Unworthiness.* 37

Bold *Customer* of fate, that sought about  
To come within, and turn poor *Adam* out ;  
Thy strength out strength'd his strength, & made  
him weak,

A vessel crack'd, how can it chuse but leak ?  
Sin prov'd *Deaths* father, & *mans* heart the womb  
That brought it forth ; this *Death* shall find a tomb  
When the Determiner of time hath hurl'd  
A *finis* to the volume of the world ;  
Till then, man (mortaliz'd by sin) must be  
A subject unto *Deaths* Sovereignty.

Poor man, in what a wilderness of sorrow  
Dost thou now ramble in : where wilt thou borb  
A minutes rest ? On what inclining ear (row  
Wilt thou expend thy groans ? what canst thou  
But dialects of misery to vex (hear  
Thy bankrupt thoughts ? The fatal disrespects  
Of *Heav'n* will blow and toss thee up and down  
From place to place, his still-renewed frown  
Will follow thee ; therefore provide t' endure  
The hor pursues of such a fierce Pursuer :  
Canst thou expect that this thy grand abuse  
(Which runs beyond the limits of excuse)  
Can be forgotten ; dost thou think t' out-live  
Thy long-liv'd crimes, or hope for power to give  
Due satisfaction to thy *God*, whose rage  
Thy heart cannot endure, much less assuage ?

Most lachrymable state ! What canst thou do,  
 Oh man, that may ingratiate or renew  
 Thy former love ? Alas, thy base condition  
 Makes thee incapable of a *Petition*.  
 Prepare thy self, see if thou canst invade  
 His *Soul* with pray'rs, see if thou canst persuade  
 His *Heart* to yield unto thy sad request,  
 And re-inthroned thee with thy former rest ;  
 Dissect thy *Soul* with groans, *anatomize*  
 Thy *heart* with sighs, and let thy winged cries  
 Fly through the *Angles* of his sacred ear,  
 And breed a harmony within the Sphere  
 Of his blest *Soul* ; be circumspect, and lay  
 The best foundation ; hear what *Heav'n* will say.

*Adams Petition to God.*

Incensed *Father* of eternal light,  
 Permit a darkened *Soul* t' approach the sight  
 Of thine incomparble eye ; unmask  
 Thy Anger-clouded *Soul*, and let me ask  
 Forgiveness for those loading Crimes which press  
 My stagg'ring *Soul* ; I know not whom t' address  
 My apostate *self* unto, but only thee,  
 Whom I offended ; Please to pity me :  
 I have no pleasing sacrifice t' atone  
 Thy wrathful *Breth*, except a hearty groan

That

## *Mans Unworthiness.* 39

That's quadrupl'd with grief; Oh deign to look  
Upon the lines of my all-blotted book :  
Although I'm full of most detested spots,  
Yet *Lord*, I know that thou canst read my blots ;  
Oh read them then, and let thy mercies run  
With thy progressive eye ; I am undone,  
If not forgiven ; *Lord* I thee implore  
To shew some mercy to me, thou hast store,  
Decipher all my *sins*, and let them not  
Bear record in thy *Books*, but rest forgot ;  
Revoke this *Act of death*, that I may sing  
Th' admired mercies of so blest a *King*.  
Oh lift me up, that now am thrown below ;  
Make not my *Soul* the Custom-house of woe.  
Oh hear these bitter groans that I have spent,  
And send some comfort from thy *Parliament*.

### *Gods Reply.*

Thou *Skeleton* of baseness, hie thee hence,  
Disturb me not ; return, I say, from whence  
Thou cam'st at first ; thou shalt as soon remove  
A mountain, as my mind : I cannot love,  
No nor I will not, nothing shall intreat  
My resolutions, for my fury's great.  
Begone, proud *Rebel*, do not think thy prayers,  
Thy vows, thy groans, thy sighs, thy sobs, thy tears  
D 4 Shall

Shall make my brest their receptacle; No:  
How can I be a friend to such a foe?  
Surcease thy importunities, let fall  
Thy high desires, I will not hear thee call,  
Thy Sins have barr'd my ears; I'll not be won  
With thy base airy words, for thou hast spun  
The thread of thy destruction, therefore wear  
What thou hast labour'd for, and so forbear  
T'intrench upon my patience; 'tis in vain  
To seek for that which thou shalt not obtain.  
And is it thus, that *Heav'n* will not regard  
My cries? Ah me! and must my groans be heard  
With disrespect by him, whose tongue affords  
Nothing, but grief, involv'd with bitter words?  
Alas, alas! what greater woe can crowd  
Into a brest than to be disavow'd  
By *Gods* high voice, whose most enraged breath  
Darts forth the Arrows of eternal death?  
What shall I do? Oh, whither shall I run  
To hide my self, until the glorious Sun  
Of his affections usher in the day  
Of welcom Joy? Oh, whither shall I stray?  
If I am silent, then my silence turns  
My thoughts to fire; If speak, my speech returns  
Trebl'd with wo, into the brazen Tower  
Of my sad heart, my language has no power



## Mans Unworthiness. 41

To work upon his ears, my words (like balls  
Banded, and thrown against th' obdurate walls  
Unyielding brest) bounds back again, and breaks  
Into my heart, and every sorrow speaks  
A volume at a word ; yet, yet must I  
Return unheard ; 'tis misery to dye,  
And pain to live ; thus in despair I draw  
The loathsom air : *Destraction knows no Law* ;  
Grief rains a flood of doubt into my *Soul* ;  
Ah me ! I can do nothing but condole :  
I am despis'd ; and if I bend the force  
Of my desires to him, he will divorce  
All thoughts of pity, and with rage re-double  
Th'unsum'd up sums of my infringing trouble.

I sail into the *Straits*, both wind and ryde  
Prevail against me, and I have no guide  
To Pilot me unto the long'd-for *Port*  
Of pleasing happiness ; I am a sport  
To threatning Ruine, whose presumptuous waves  
Out-dares my *Soul*, whilst every blast enslaves  
My reeling *Pinnace* : If I strive to go  
Towards *Scylla*, *Scylla* will condemn my wo,  
Alas in vain I can expect relief,  
*Scylla* will bark at my unbridled grief ;  
Or if my head-long vessel chance to hit  
Against *Charybdis*, I am torn and split

Into

Into ten thousand peices ; Oh hard hap !  
 Thus am I tossed in Destructions lap.  
 Where shall I find a heart that will advise  
 My friendless Soul, and audiate my cries ?  
 I will not thus desist, I must implore,  
 He that's lost once, sure can be lost no more.

*Adams Petition to God.*

Once more, thou *Metropolitan* of all  
 The spacious world, I here presume to call  
 Upon thy mercy ; Oh let me inherit  
 The pleasing fruit of thy re-pleased Spirit :  
 I am thy *fabrick*, Oh some pity take,  
 Preserve the building for the Builders sake. (eye  
 Cloath not thy brow with frowns, but let thine  
 ( That rests inshrined with glorious Majesty )  
 Reflect upon my sorrows ; Oh encline  
 Thy willing ears to hear this grief of mine :  
 Oh do not say I shall as soon remove  
 A mountain as thy heart, thou canst not love ;  
 Let not such harsh imbitter'd language flow  
 Out of a mouth so sweet ; I know, I know,  
 Thou art as good as great ; oh therefore bow  
 Thy sacred ears to hear, oh hear me now :  
 Bestow some scraps on me, that have deserv'd  
 Nothing but stripes ; for I have fondly swerv'd

From

## Mans Unworthiness. 43

From thy commands & have committed treason  
gainst thy Majesty : Great God of Reason,  
view my en-humbled Soul, see how it lies  
before thy sight, a weeping Sacrifice,  
know thou knowst I am a hainous sinner,  
yet pity me, that am a young beginner  
in this rich art of *begging* : Do not slight  
my real prayers ; I know thou tak'st delight  
in being merciful ; Oh let me not  
return unanswer'd, or my prayers forgot :  
Oh hear the sorrows of my bleeding state,  
let my complaints make thee compassionate.  
And let the fervor of my language turn (burn  
Thy thoughts to pity ; quench these flames that  
My wasting Soul ; speak peace to me that find  
A civil war in my uncivil mind :  
Oh I have tasted of thy hot displeasure (sure?  
Too much, Ah shall thy vengeance know no mea-  
say 'tis enough ; though ( Lord ) I must confess  
I have deserved more, yet give me less.  
Thus with a melting heart I end my Suit,  
*Ah me ! how bitter is forbidden fruit !*

*Gods Reply.*

Thou bold-fac'd Orator, how dar'st thou come  
Before me, or be otherwise than dumb ?

Tell

Tell me, how dar'st thou interrupt my brest?  
 I hate to see thee, or hear thy Request.  
 Audacious wretch, What, has my Judgment made  
 Thy heart grow peremptory? Have I laid  
 Too small a burthen on thee? If I have,  
 I'll lay a greater, thou apostate slave:  
 I will not note thee, nor I will not hear  
 Thy words, which have usurp'd my deafned ear:  
 Love thee, for what? be't known, sad wretch, I  
 To love a thing so base, so vile, forlorn; (scorn  
 And if I cannot love, how can it be,  
 That I can pity such a worm as thee?  
 I'll neither love, nor pity, for my heart  
 Is *Adamantine*; thou shalt feel the smart  
 Of my displeasure; Go, my *Soul* disdains  
 To look upon thee; thou art so fill'd with stains,  
 And smel'st too much of *Fruit* to find respect,  
 Thou art the subject of my great neglect:  
 Thou art a barren *Soil*, nothing will grow  
 Upon thy heart, except the seeds of woe.  
 Tell me, from what conceit thou dost derive  
 Thy working confidence, that thou dar'st drive  
 Thy language to my ears, and be so bold  
 T' approach my sight, and wilt not be control'd?  
 Art thou resolv'd to make (what dost thou mean)  
 My ears thy stage, and every word a scian?

Sum

## Mans Unworthiness. 45

Sum up thy small, thy weak deserts, and see  
What large respects thou hast deserv'd from me.  
I plac'd thee in a *Garden*, not to eat  
The *fruit* forbidden, but to keep it neat:  
Had not the violation of my Laws  
Mov'd me to anger, thou hadst had no cause  
T' have felt the burthen of my weighty stroke,  
Or live thus much subjected to the yoke  
Of thine own sins; most shameful is that Loss  
That's crown'd with negligence, & great the cross  
That's made with a self-hand; & they that clime  
Above their strengths impropriate a crime  
To their own *Souls*; Destruction is the end  
Of all Rebellion: *Ruine knows no friend*.

Suppose I should invest and entertain  
Your Soul with Love, and call thee back again,  
The *Tree* is still the same, the *fruit* as sweet,  
Thy *appetite* as great, and thou mayst meet  
A *Serpent* too, whose oratorious skill  
May soon entreat thee to enact his will:  
He has a voice to tempt, and thou an ear  
Will re-assume the priviledge to hear:  
He has a hand to give, and thou another  
Freely to take: thus wouldst thou smother  
Thy new delights; therefore I will not trust  
A heart that can be nothing but unjust.

Thou

Thou great *Mugul* of baseness, cease to plead  
 Thy tongue's a canker, and thy words are lead;  
 Thy *sins* have made thee not deserve the air  
 Thou entertain'st; hadst thou employ'd thy care  
 To serve me, when I lov'd thee, thou hadst had  
 My heart-delighting joys to make thee glad;  
 But now expect no favour, for no Art  
 Of thine shall ever captivate my heart.  
 Hee thee unto the shades of grief, bewail  
 Thy sequestrated happiness, no bail  
 Of thy procuring will I take to set  
 Thy *Soul* at liberty; I will not let  
 The vision of a comfort creep within  
 Thy rambling thoughts, thou art a slave to sin:  
 Hadst thou but lov'd or fear'd me at the first,  
 Th'adst been as happy, as th'art now accurst:  
 If now thou lov'st me, I shall quickly prove  
 It is for fear alone, and not for love.  
 Thy heart is steel'd with wickedness, thy faults  
 Are sparks enlivened by thy flinty thoughts.  
 Breath out thy groans unto a senseless rock,  
 And let thy sighs (like hammers) beat and knock  
 Against her scragged sides, thou shalt as soon  
 Have her consent, as mine, to grant thy boon:  
 'Tis therefore vain to multiply thy words,  
 For ah, my brest, my hardened brest, affords

## *Mans Unworthiness.* 47

Thy Soul no pity : and the more thy cry  
Attempts my ear, the less I will reply,  
Alas ! thy guilt o're-burth'ned words renew  
Fresh thoughts of rage, I cannot hear thee sue  
Without impatience ; for ah, the longer  
Thou crav'st, thou mak'st my fury grow the stron-  
Avoid my presence, for I will no more (ger.  
Give audience to thy voice, then cease t'implore.

### *Adams Lamentation.*

Undone, undone ! what mountain now will hide  
My loathed body from the swelling tyde  
Of raging Vengeance ? Whither shall I fly  
T'involve my Soul with true security ?  
Stretch, stretch my lungs, and roar unto the deep  
T'entertain me : Oh that I might sleep  
Within her wavy bowels, till the blast (past.  
Of Heav'ns all-shaking thundring Voice were  
Oh that some Rock would hear my sad request,  
And give me burial in her frigid brest !  
Oh that my grief-extended voice could cleave  
The solid Earth, and make her to receive  
My wretched limbs ! Oh that some ranging beast  
Would prove so courteous to devour, and feast  
Upon my corps ! Oh that I could contrive  
A way to live, and yet not be alive !

Ah,

Ah, thus my sorrow-shaken fancy flies,  
 And envies at impossibilities.  
 I fain would dye, but that I have no heart  
 To kill my self, and yet I feel a smart  
 Transcending death; I see I cannot shun  
 The wrath of *Heav'n*: Ah, thus I am undone  
 By my own doing, this it is to eat  
 Forbidden *fruit*: Oh most pernicious meat!  
 I was too rash, and rashly have I taken  
 A deadly fall, and falling, am forsaken:  
 I'm bruise'd to death, and yet I cannot dye;  
 Ah, what can be so much unblest as I?  
 I am inflamed, and I dayly drench  
 My *Soul* with tears, and yet I cannot quench  
 My raging fires; the more I strive t' assuage  
 And mitigate my pains, the more they rage.  
 What shall I do, or whither shall I go,  
 To hide me from this *Labyrinth* of woe?  
 I am compos'd of sorrow, and my veins,  
 In stead of blood, are fill'd with griping pains:  
 Curst be these eyes of mine, which have let in  
 The lawless tyrant of imperious Sin:  
 Curst be these lips of mine, which at the suit  
 Of my fond wife receiv'd forbidden fruit:  
 Curst be these ears, that entertain'd the Charms  
 Of that Inchantress, which procur'd my harms:  
 Curst



## Mans Unworthiness. 49

Curst be these hands of mine, which took, and fed  
My greedy *Soul*, and struck my Conscience dead :  
And now my *lips*, my *ears*, my *hands* my *eyes*;  
Must see, hear, taste, and feel, my miseries:

Oh sad condition ! Since there's no relief,  
I must be subject to perpetual grief.

Here we will leave poor *Adam* in the state  
Of woe, and thus begin to ruminate.

Are there not many in this toilsom age  
That meditate themselves into a rage,  
And wonder how a *Serpent* could express  
Himself, and reason with such readiness ;  
Being by nature brute, nay and the worst  
Of living creatures, that he should at first  
Perswade and conquer, and instruct his will.  
How to determine both of good and ill ?  
It would seem strange, if Reason were without  
Her wings, and could flie above this doubt :  
We may (and yet not stain the truth) declare  
It was the work of *Satan* to ensnare  
Frail *Eve* ; although he was not nam'd at all  
By *Moses* in the Hist'ry of the *Fall*,  
It may not trouble us, for we must know,  
The bending *Serpent* was the *Devils* bow,  
By which he shot the arrows of his spite,  
Which did [ Oh grief to speak it ! ] flie too right :

E

And

And he that dares so high a Crime to act  
 (Though by another) needs must own the fact:  
 And this our tongues may never cease to tell,  
 The *Serpent* was the Instrument of *Hell*,  
 Tun'd to the *Devils* voice: thus we may see  
 His fraud, his malice, and his subtiltie.  
 First when he saw he could not over-turn  
 The great *Creator*, he begun to burn  
 With flames of envy, lab'ring to invade,  
 And to disturb that order *God* had made  
 In the Creation, and to change the features  
 Of his own *Image* in the best of Creatures,  
 That so he may by his too sooth delusion  
 Make *Man* run headlong to his own confusion:  
 Thus having laid the platform of his work,  
 He then begun to agitate, and lurk  
 For opportunity, which was effected  
 As soon, nay if not sooner, than expected;  
 He gave the blow, and by that blow he found  
 The weakest *Vessel* had the weakest sound;  
 But yet it strongly eccho'd to the voice  
 Of his desires, and made him love his choice.

Even as some bold-fac'd *General*, that dares  
 To storm a well-man'd *Town*; at first prepares  
 A potent *Army*, which he soon sets down  
 Before the Walls of the alarum'd *Town*;

# Mans Unworthiness. 51

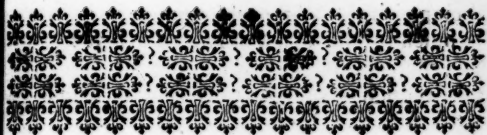
He after views the ruine-threatening-Fort,  
Which speaks defiance, and begins to sport  
Their several shots, and with a sad delight  
Engage each other in a bloody fight;  
Then if the fierce *Besiegers* once perceive  
Themselves out-strength'd, they think it fit to leave  
So hot a work, and for a little space  
Desist, and fall upon a weaker place,  
Where finding smaller opposition, venture  
With greater Courage, and at last they enter  
The yielding *Towr*, and cruelly begin  
To take revenge of them which are within.

Even so the grim look'd, malice-armed *Devil*,  
The base-resolved *General* of Evil,  
Perceiving that he could by no means take  
The sublime *Fort* of *Heav'n*, plots how to make  
A fresh attempt, upon a weaker part,  
And so prepares to storm the flexive heart  
Of unresisting *Eve*; that could not grapple  
With such a *Foe*, but yielded for an Apple  
To those most false alarms which surrounded  
Her, much obedient, and soon confounded  
Her inward parts, and gave her Soul a wound,  
Which cannot be by time or art made sound,  
Except the grand *Physician* please to flake  
His swelling fury, and some pity take.

Thus are our conquer'd parents sadly left  
 In a deplor'd condition, and bereft  
 Of all their comforts ; they which have enjoy'd  
 The life of happiness, are now destroy'd ;  
 And *man* (his wretched off-spring) must be made  
 Sorrows sad heir, and Peace must not be said  
 T' inhabit in him. *Adams* actual sin  
 Made ours original ; for we begin,  
 As soon as made, to entertain the guests  
 Of sin, and lodge them in our infant-breasts.  
 Now may our weak and despicable eyes  
 Behold in them, our ample miseries :  
 Now we may glut the air with this sad cry,  
 The root being dead, the branches needs must dye,  
 For *Adam's* gone beyond all humane call :  
*Rebellion never ends without a Fall.*

But stay my *Muse*, here let us rest a while ;  
 Our *Journey's* long, and 'tis not good to royl  
 Too much at first, for *Reason* says 'tis best  
 To pause a time, and take a little rest :  
 Know then (kind Reader) that my *Muse* shall meet  
 Thy serious eyes within another sheet.

*The end of the first Book.*



THE SECOND  
 B O O K  
 OF  
 G O D S L O V E,  
 AND  
*Mans Unworthiness.*

**A**Re all hopes fled? and is there no relief?  
 Must man still wander in the shades of grief?  
 Will not the eye of *Heav'n* be pleas'd to shine  
 Upon his *Soul*, but leave him in the brine  
 Of his own *Sins*? Is there no warbling voice  
 Can charm his ears, and woo him to rejoice

In being pitiful? Will nothing move  
 The much incensed Soul of *Heav'n* to love?  
 Man [Map of Misery] who can prevail  
 In thy requests? Or who can cut off th' entail  
 Of thy distress? 'Tis not a Writ of Error  
 Can satisfy, or guard thee from the terror  
 Of thine own *Conscience*, which will alway stare  
 Upon thy face, and load thee with despair:  
 'Tis not a *Habeas Corpus* will remove  
 The body of thy sin, none can disprove  
 The Will of *God*, what he resolves to do  
 Must neither be withstood, nor div'd into:  
 It lies beyond thy power to perswade  
 Thy *God* to pity, whom thy Sins have made  
 A wrathful Judge; what he intends, must be,  
 Derived from himself, and not from thee;  
 For thou hast nothing in thee worth the name  
 Of good, because thy glory's turn'd to shame:  
 Thou art corrupt and vile in every part,  
 And who can know the evil of thy heart;  
 Which like the *Ocean*, that no art nor eye  
 Can search her bottom, or her banks descry:  
 Therefore til *heav'n* shall please to change the state  
 Of thy condition, *Reason* bids thee wait;  
 For be assur'd, the promis'd seed will spread  
 It self abroad, and bruise the *Serpents* head.

## Mans Unworthiness. 55

Even as the *Fountain*, whose exuberous brest  
Is always fluent, and admits no rest;  
But with a cheerful willingness she sends  
Her Christal tokens to her smaller friends.

Even so our *God* d stilleth from above  
The healing streams of his refreshing love;  
For ah the lustre of his Sun-bright eye  
Is drown'd in tears, when our sad Souls prove dry!  
Oh admiration! that a *God* so just  
Should rain down floods upon a heap of dust!  
Oh Mercy! that so much incens'd a *God*  
Should send forth Mercy, and keep in his Rod!  
His *Soul* is fill'd with pity, and his eyes  
Begin to view th' unsatiare miseries  
Of *Adams* down-cast off-spring: Though his ear  
Seems unto us resolved not to hear  
Their bitter cries, nor note the sad Devotions  
Of their contristed hearts; yet by the Motions  
Of his blest *Soul*, he sends his Son and Heir  
Into this wretched world, that he might bear  
The *Cross* of our Transgressions, and expel  
The clouds of *Sin*, and conquer *Death* and *Hell*:  
Thus by his death we liv'd, and by his grief  
Our new-calm'd *Souls* were furnisht with relief.  
Oh sudden change! That winde which did before  
Drive wretched *man* upon the threatning shore

Of unavailing *ruine*, fills the sails  
 Of his desires with mild and prosperous ga'es;  
 The *Boreas* of his sin does now surcease  
 His full-mouth'd blasts, and *Zephyrus* speaks peace  
 Unto his shipwrack'd *Soul*, and now he rides  
 Upon the new-ram'd backs of pleasing Tydes.  
 Oh that my tongue were able to rehearse  
 The love of God with an Angelike Verse!  
 Oh that some Heav'nly Deity would fill  
 The black mouth'd concave of my wandring quill  
 With pure celestial Ink, that I might write  
 In heav'nly characters, and learn t' indite  
*Jehovah's* praises in a style as high  
 As my desires, and make the lofty Skie  
 Eccho with *Hallelujahs*, that the Earth  
 May (like a Midwife) hug the joyful birth  
 Of every word, and make each corner ring  
 (With peals of joy) the Glories of our King:  
 Is man deliver'd from the painful womb  
 Of his foul *sin*, and raised from the tomb  
 Of everlasting *death*? and shall not we  
 Applaud that hand which set such pris'ners free?  
 What, shall we be afraid to crack and break  
 The chains of silence, and attempt to speak  
 The dia'ects of *Angels*? No; let's call  
 Upon his name, that rais'd us from a Fall.



## *Mans Unworthiness.* 57

Let's stretch our lungs, & with a warbling breath  
Sing to the life, how we were rais'd from death :  
And when our tongues are wearied, let's exprefs  
By heav'nly signs our real thankfulnefs.

But stay, where runs my quill ? what, have I loft  
My felf in raptures ? or elfe am I loft  
Into the Air of pleasure by the wind  
Of true delight ? If paffion proves fo kind,  
I am content, Oh may I always reft  
Adorn'd and crown'd with a heav'n-ravish'd brest !  
O love ineffable ! Muft wretched *Man*,

The spawn of basenefs, and the unmeasur'd fpan  
Of everlafting infancy, be made  
Loves object ? Muft th' *Almighty's* love be faid  
To dwell in *Man*, whose tongue cannot deliver  
The leaft of thanks unto fo great a Giver ?

Will the Sun-gazing *Eagle*, that foars high,  
Descend r' affift the web-infolded Fly ?  
Will he that hearkens with a willing ear  
To pleasing mufick, turn away to hear  
Confounding difcords ? or will any woo  
A perjur'd *enemy* to come and go  
Into his *Courts* ? will any hand forbear  
To ftrike at him that labors to impair  
His worth, and contumeliously upbraird  
His upright deeds ? Will he that is betray'd

Affect

Affect the *Traytor*, and with patience sue  
 For reconcilment, when as *death* is due?  
 All this blest *Heav'n* will do, that he might place  
 Vain *man* within the Covenant of Grace.  
 Consider *man*, how often hath this Mirror  
 Of pure affection woo'd thee from thine error?  
 Thou inconsiderate dust, which every winde  
 Can puff away, how canst thou prove unkinde  
 To such a *Lover*, that delights to spin  
 His bowels out, to nourish thee within  
 His milky bosom? Shall his bounty crave  
 Thy base acceptance? Shall he be a *slave*  
 To his own *slaves*? Ah, shall thy *God* implore,  
 And beg of beggars to receive his store?  
 Does he, whom *Heav'n* and *Earth* cannot contain,  
 No nor the *Heav'n* of *Heav'ns*, stoop down to gain  
 Thy dull respects? And ah, wilt thou not raise  
 Thy stupid *Soul* an inch to give him praise?  
 Thy fervent Prayers he always will admit,  
 Then how canst thou remember to forget  
 A *God* so mindful? How canst thou forbear  
 To numerate his love without a tear?  
 How can thine eyes (when thou observ'st the Sun)  
 Refuse to weep, to see him daily run  
 His painful Progress, and rejoyce to greet  
 The Earth with lustre to direct thy feet,

Thy

## *Mans Unworthiness.* 59

Thy sinful feet, which every moment slide  
into *Rebellion*, loaded with thy pride; (ground  
How canst thou choose, when thou behol'dst the  
Whereon thou tread'st, but voluntary drown'd  
Thy self in briny floods, to think what care  
Indulgent *Heav'n* hath taken to prepare  
For thee, before thou wert, and how his hand  
Hath for thy profit, fertiliz'd the Land?  
How can thy rocky *heart* refuse to vent  
A stream of blood, when thou beholdst th'extent  
Of the unbounded *Ocean*, how it hides  
Within the bosom of her swelling Tydes,  
Diversities of *Fish*, which live to feed  
Thy gulf of gluttony at time of need?  
Uncloud thy thoughts (*O Man*) and thou shalt see  
He who ordained all these things for thee,  
Created thee for him, that thou mayst give  
The praise to him, that lends thee leave to live.  
Be serious *Man*, consider how thou hast  
Converted all these blessings into waste:  
Know that the great Edificer of things  
Furnisht thy Soul with Reason, gave thee wings  
To fly above all mortals, and hath crown'd  
Thy head with heaps of Honor, and hath bound  
Inferior creatures, prentice to thy will;  
And this he did, because thou shouldst fulfill

Thy

Thy *Gods* Commands; but thou that wert the best,  
 Hast made thy self more loathsome than the rest,  
 And by thy most detested deviation  
 Abus'd thy glory, of thy free *Creation* :  
 Though the Majestick *Eagles* will despise  
 To be assistant to th' intangled *Flies* ;  
 Yet *Heav'n* will from his lofty *Throne* descend  
 And with a speedy cheerfulness defend  
 The sons of *men*, who dayly are betray'd  
 By those insidious snares which *Satan* lay'd  
 T' intrap their *Souls* : Alas, how void of care  
 Is heedless *man* ! How subject to a snare !  
 But he, whose more than superficial love  
 Is always active, lab'ring to improve  
 Our hearts with thankfulness, denies to let  
 Our *Souls* be taken in th' eternal net  
 Of unconceived misery, and live  
 In lasting *death*, not having power to give  
 The least of drops unto our howling tongues,  
 But suck the Flames, until our sulphurous lungs  
 Crackle, and belch forth brimstone, till we tire  
 Our Carbonado'd members in a fire  
 That's inextinct ; the more we strive to turn  
 Our parched *Souls*, still more and more they burn.  
 Resolve these things within thy serious mind ;  
 Oh *Man* ! let Love instruct thee to be kinde

## Mans Unworthiness. 61

To him that's loving ; do no disrespect  
A *God*, whose *Soul* so dearly can affect :  
Pour out thy thoughts, and practise to relent,  
And let thy thoughts induce thee to repent :  
Grasp opportunity, Time's always flying ;  
*God's* always living, and thou always dying :  
Dye then, before thou dy'st, redeem the time,  
Because thy days are evil ; learn to clime  
*Jacobs* erected ladder ; thou shalt see  
Th'adst better clime a *Ladder*, than a *Tree*,  
As *Judas* did : Be wise, and do not fan  
Thy *Soul* with air ; remember what a span  
Thou art ; remember whose inspired breath  
Made thee a *Soul* ; forget not whose sad death  
Made thee alive ; be mindful that thou art  
Th' Epitomy of *Heav'n* ; inure thy heart  
To love the best of loves, so shall thy brest  
Be fill'd with comfort, and thy *Soul* with rest :  
Prepare and know, the very fowls delight  
To prune their wings before they take their flight.  
Although terrestrial *Kings* will not permit  
A *Traitor* to his Courts, nor let him sit  
Before his presence, though they will not hear  
A Malefactors prayers ; yet *Heav'n's* blest ear  
Is always open, and his tongue invires  
Repentant sinners, for his eye delights

To

To view them in his Courts when they appear;  
 For muddy waters, may at last prove clear;  
 'Tis not unlike; ill scented dunghills may,  
 At last bear flowers; that which is foul to day,  
 To morrow may prove fair; the thing that cost  
 Millions of silver, may as well be lost,  
 As things of smaller value; *Heav'n* can spy  
 A mite, as well as mountains; for his eye  
 Is lodg'd in every cranny of mans heart,  
 And he knows all, that searches every part.  
 Where breathes that Mortal that can comprehend  
 The ways & thoughts of *God*, who knows the end  
 Of his beginning? —————

He that can break a rocky heart in twain,  
 And re-unite it (if he please) again;  
 He that can part the boiling waves, and stand  
 Upon the *Seas*, as on the dryest Land;  
 He whose celestial power can make the graves  
 To open, and command their slumb'ring slaves  
 To rise; nay more, to stand; nay more, to walk;  
 Nay more (if more than this may be) to talk:  
 He that can make a *Whale* to entertain  
 A *Jonah*, and to spue him out again;  
 He whose almighty power can unlock  
 The flinty bowels, of a scragged Rock,

And

## Mans Unworthiness. 63

And make her headlong-gushing streams abound  
To wash the bosom of the thirsty ground ;  
He that can transmute by power divine  
The poorest *water* into richest *wine* ;  
He that can curb rude *Boreas*, and assuage  
The lawless passion of the *Oceans* rage ;  
He that can rain down *Manna* to supply  
The craving stomachs of mortality ;  
He that can, like an all-commanding *God*,  
Make *Almonds* flourish from a sapless rod ;  
He that can make the *Sun* and *Moon* stand still,  
Or run according to his sacred Will ;  
He that sav'd a *Daniel* from the paws  
Of *Lynx*, and can muzzle up their jaws ;  
He that can make the greedy *Raven* carry  
Food to his Servants like a *Commissary* ;  
He that can, with an unresisted hand,  
Dash fire into Ice, and counter-mand  
The wanton flames, & charm them, that they dare  
But burn his Servants cords, and not their hair ;  
He that can cause *ten thousand* to be fed  
With two small *fishes*, and five *loaves* of bread ;  
He that can cloth himself with fire, and name  
Himself, *I AM*, and make a bush to flame  
Without consuming ; He that can convert  
A *Rod* into a *Serpent*, and not hurt ;

He

He that can make his visage shine so bright,  
 That not a *Moses* can behold the light;  
 He that can strike a hand with leprosie,  
 And cure it in the twinkling of an eye;  
 He that can in a moment cut and break  
 Tongue-tying cords, & make the dumb to speak  
 He that can out of unregarded stones  
 Raise unto *Abraham* many little ones;  
 He that can heal the *Cripple* with a touch,  
 And free him from the thraldom of his Crouch;  
 He that can cure the *deaf*, and can expel  
 A thousand *Devils* in despite of *Hell*;  
 He that can perfect what he first begun,  
 Expects that *man* should say, *Thy Will be done.*  
 Consider *man*, and thou shalt find it true,  
*Heav'n* can do all, but what he will not do:  
 Think not because thou art of low estate,  
 That he will scorn to love, and love to hate:  
 Remember *Dives*, whose unsumm'd up store  
 Improv'd so much, until he prov'd as poor  
 As ever *Job* was: *Job*! unhappy I  
 To speak it, he was rich in poverty;  
*Heav'n* made poor *Job* so rich, that *Satans* wealth  
 Could purchase nothing from him, but his health,  
 And that corporeal too; he could not boast  
 His bargain, for 'twas *Job* that purchas'd most.

“Happy



# Mans Unworthiness. 63

"Happy is he that can at last inherit  
"Riches obtain'd by an improv'ish'd spirit :  
"We'd better lick with *Lazarus* the crumbs,  
"Than gripe with *Dives* for Soul-damning sums.  
Wealth cannot bribe the flames, yet scraps may  
feed

The hungry wretch; he that has wealth, may need  
The *Crumbs* of comfort : *David* did condole  
Th' abundant famine of his hungry Soul :  
Gods Love's not mercenary, to be sold  
For brain-distracting, heart-confounding gold.  
Hast thou not heard (*O Man*) the heav'nly cry  
Of him that says, Ye that are poor, come buy,  
Come buy of me ; your pen'worth shall be such,  
That for a little you shall purchase much.  
Here's Love that's spun unto the smallest thread,  
Though thou want'st money, yet thou mayst have  
Do thou but ask, thou shalt not fail to have (bread  
For *God's* more free to give, than thou to crave :  
Fear not to ask of him, whose ready ear,  
Before thy tongue can ask, is apt to hear.  
Heav'n loves the language of a broken heart,  
And he will harken, and with joy impart  
His love unto thee, and his milk and wine,  
Without the price of money shall be thine.  
Th' ingrated *Pris'ner*, whose dull tongue is whet  
With sharp'ned hunger, will not fear, to let

F

His

His language fly to every ear that comes  
 Within his audience ; and he always sums  
 The torals of his grief in hungry words,  
 Whilst thousands pass along, but few affords  
 The blessing of an *Alms* ; perhaps they'l grieve,  
 And seem to pity, but will not relieve :  
 Yet will he not desist, but hourly cry ,  
 Bread, bread, for Heav'ns sake bread, or else I die.  
 Hard hearted *Men*, why wilt thou not relent  
 To hear thy *Brother*, almost hunger-spent,  
 Craving thy succour ? Where's thy love become ?  
 Because th'art deaf, ah! wu'dst thou have him dumb  
 Or dost thou think, because thy panch is fill'd,  
 He cannot hunger ? He that first distill'd  
 Those mercies on thy head, expects that thou  
 Shouldst feed thy *Brother* with a cheerful brow ;  
 Say not thou canst not give, thy treasure's light :  
 But let thy heart record the *widows* mite,  
 So *Heav'n* will fill thy Cisterns to the brim,  
 And feed thy *Soul*, because thou hast fed him.

Should the *Grandfather* of true Charity  
 Pass by the gates, and hear thee beg and cry,  
 And not relieve thee ; should he slight thy prayer  
 And scorn to take a survey of thy tears ;  
 Wouldst thou not grieve, and pine thy self to dust  
 And almost say thy *God* was much unjust

## *Man's Unworthiness.* 67

To turn away his ears from thy complaint,  
And disrespect thy pray'rs, and let thee faint  
For want of food? Ah, whicher wouldst thou fly  
To feed thy famish'd *Soul*, should *Heav'n* deny?  
But ah he cannot, for his melting *Soul*  
Is always free, and willing to condole  
The sad conditions of distressed *Man*,  
Who only strives to do, but what he can  
To contradict him; yet he'll hear our grief:  
In multitudes of mercies lies relief.

When our impris'ned *Souls* peep throw the grates  
Of this corrupting *Earth*, our *God* dilates  
Himself unto us, and he sends us meat  
From the rich store-house of his lofty seat;  
He hears; and hearing pities; pitying, sends;  
And sending, blesses; and with blessing ends.

Even as the Sun, which every day surrounds  
The sublime *Globe*, and pries into the bounds  
Of this dark *Center*; let his Beams reflect  
Upon a Molehil with as much respect  
As on a Mountain; for his glorious Beams  
Shine always with equivalent extremes,  
Even so the great and powerful *Three in One*,  
That sits upon his all-inlight'ning *Throne*,  
Does not deny to let his mercy crown  
The poorest *Peasant* with as much renown

As the most stateliest *Emperor* ; though he  
 Invests his body with more dignity,  
 Yet he's but earth, and must at last decay,  
 For *Prince* and *Peasant* go the self same way ;  
 Their earth must turn to earth, their *Souls* return  
 To him that gave them, or for ever burn ;  
 There's no distinction, one infused breath  
 Made them alike, and both must live in death  
 Or everlasting life ; both must commence  
 Divines in *Heav'n* ; there's no preheminance,  
 But all equality, all must express,  
 With equal Joy, their equal Happiness.  
 Reuse up dull *man*, and let thy wak'ned *Soul*  
 Be vigilant ; oh let thy thoughts enroul  
 The love of *God*, engrave it in thy brest,  
 That his resounding tongue may read thee blest.  
 O let thy sighs, like Pens, and let thy tears  
 Like Ink, transcribe the *Love*, th' indulgent care  
 Of thy *Creator*, that himself may find  
 (Within th' unblotted volume of thy mind)  
 Himself recorded, so will he imbrace  
 Thy spotless *Soul*, and fill thee with his grace.  
 Incline thine ears, and let thy heart rejoyce  
 To hear the strains of his harmonious voice :  
 Harken, and thou shalt hear his *Prophets* sing  
 Th' admired Mercies of the glorious *King*.

## Mans Unworthiness. 69

Thus saith the *great*, and ever-living *One*, *Isa.*  
That rules the *heav'ns*, & governs *earth* alone, 43.  
Thus saith the *Lord*, that takes delight to dwell 1.  
Amongst his *Saints*, that formed *Israel*,  
Created *Jacob*, let thy sorrows flee  
Out of thy brest, I have redeemed thee:  
'Twas I that made thy clouded visage shine,  
And call'd thee by my Name, for thou art mine.  
I will be with thee, when thy feet shall wade 2.  
Thorow the waters; I will be thy aid;  
I'll make thee walk through Rivers, and the waves  
Shall prove ambitious to become thy slaves:  
And when thou walkest through the raging fire,  
Th' unruly flames shall not presume to aspire  
Or kindle on thy garments. I alone 3  
The *Lord* thy *God*, and *Israel's* holy *One*,  
And thy dear *Saviour*, that was always true,  
Gave *Aegypt*, *Seba*, and *Ethiopia* too,  
To ransom thee; for thou wert my delight,  
And always pretious in my gracious sight: 4  
Honors were heapt upon thee, and thou wert  
The tender love of my affecting heart;  
Therefore even I, that am well pleas'd, will give  
People for thy dear sake, that thou mayst live.  
Fear not, for I am with thee, and I'll stand 5  
In thy defence, and my all-grasping hand  
E 3 Shall

Shall bring thy seed from the remotest places;  
And fill thee with my satisfying graces.

6. My tongue shall call unto the *North*, and say  
Unto the *South*, Give, and they shall obey;  
Bring from a far my *Sons* and *Daughters* all,  
Hear my loud voice, be active when I call.

7 I have created them, and I proclaim  
They shall be call'd and honour'd by my Name,  
I'll usher forth the *blind*, and make them see  
The splendid Glories of my *Majestie*:  
I'll cure the *deaf*, and make their hearts rejoyce  
To hear the *Ecchoes* of my warbling voice.  
Thus hath our *God* unty'd the tongues, and broke  
His *Prophets* lips; thus have his *Prophets* spoke:  
And wilt thou be (*O man*) so much obdure,  
As not to credit him that will assure  
Perpetual happiness? Thou canst not ask  
That which he cannot give; do but unmask  
Thy shamefac'd *Soul*, that so thou mayst discry  
*Jehovahs* mercies with a faithful eye:  
Descant upon his promises, advise  
With thy own thoughts, let reason make thee wise,  
Inspect thy self, weigh well thy own condition,  
And thou shalt find thou want'st a good Physician  
To cure thy maculared *Soul*: Alas!  
Thou art like water stop'd up in a glass,

## Mans Unworthiness. 71

So weakly fortifi'd, and fenc'd about,  
That one weak knock soon lets the *Pris'ner* out.  
Vain lump of vanity, what can this Earth  
Afford thy thoughts more than a short-liv'd mirth?  
A mirth that fills thee with deluding toys,  
And like a *Tyrant* afterwards destroys. (sure  
Dor'st thou on *Earth*? For what? because her plea-  
Can guild thy wanton eye? because her treasure  
Can cram thy bags? because her *Sirens* song  
Can ravish thee? because her power can throng  
Thy *Soul* with luxury? because her charms  
Can court thee with delight? because her arms  
Can pleasingly imbrace thee, and impost  
Thy heart with gold, and lull thee, when th'art lost  
Thy self in sleep? Is this the little All  
That this great World can boast of? Must we call  
These things our pleasures? No, they'll prove our  
Our golden *Fetters*, and our filken *Snares*: (care  
These are the *Joys* we love, these are the things  
That make us fly with our *Icarian* wings  
Up to Ambitions *Court*, and there presume  
To gaze so long, until our waxen plume  
Dissolve with heat, and like presumptuous slaves  
Tumble our selves into the raging waves  
Of speedy Ruine; Ruine's all that we  
Must hope t' obtain from *Earth's* base treasure.

Let's scorn her wealth, and say, O *Earth*, thou art  
 A painted Mistress with a rotten heart :  
 Let's hate to love, that we may love to hate  
 Th'unconstant glory of her fickle state.

Even as the subtil *Crocodile* prepares  
 Her flatt'ring heart, and eye-commanding, tears  
 To woo her *Prey* to come within the power  
 Of her command, that so she may devour  
 With more facility, and make her jaws  
 To execute by her tyrannike Laws :  
 Even so this *World*, whose *Crocodile*-like eyes  
 Are always flowing, wanting no supplies  
 Of gliding tears to wash the rugged faces  
 Of her deligns with falsifying graces,  
 That so she may by her too smooth delusion  
 Make *Man* the Author of his own confusion .  
 Frail flesh and blood, how canst thou rake delight  
 To love this *World*, that cannot give a mite  
 Of comfort to thee. but will still intrap,  
 And daily lull thee in her lustful lap.  
 Shee'l rock thy *Soul* to ruine , and shee'l spawn  
 Baseness into thee ; shee'l deceive, and fawn  
 Upon thy heart, and with her guilded bairs  
 Shee'l hook thy *Soul* unto the worst of fates:  
 There's nothing in her that deserves the name  
 Of Constancy ; her glory is her shame.



## *Mans Unworthiness.* 73

Smile at her tears, for every drop she vents  
Harbors ten thousand thousand discontents :  
Believe her not ; but when she speaks the best ,  
Believe the worst ; and if she promise rest ,  
Assure thy self of trouble ; if she chance  
To promise *Treasure*, let thy thoughts advance  
Above her promises, condemn her dross,  
For what thou gain'st from her will be thy loss :  
Let not her wealthy Donatives perswade  
Thy heart to accept ; when once thou art betray'd  
There's no resistance : They that well advise  
Before they act, deserve the name of wise :  
But they that study in her frantick Schools  
May prove her wise men; but *Heav'ns* out-cast fools  
Ask her the way to *Bliss* : try if her skill  
Can give directions, ask her if she will  
Fill thee with blest Eternity, conjure  
Her helpless aid, see if she can assure  
A safety to thee, ask her if she can  
Prescribe a cure for a despairing Man ;  
Tell her thy Soul is sick, thou canst not live  
A minure longer ; see if shee can give  
A Cordial to thee, see if she can heal  
A broken heart ; see if she can reveal  
Celestial Joys unto thee, and impart  
A heav'nly comfort to thy grieved heart :

If

If so, cheer up, and prosecute thy mirth,  
 And say there is no other *Heaven* but *Earth*,  
 Do thus (fond Man) and thou shalt quickly see  
 A baffl'd *World* that cannot answer thee,  
 But must be silent, for she cannot plead  
 For her own self; she knows she cannot lead  
 The way to *Heav'n*, she's but a bad Director,  
 A base *Believer*, and a worse *Protector*.

Thus shalt thou make her envy swell and burst,  
 And, like the *Basilisk*, discover'd first,  
 She needs must dye; but if she should discover  
 Thee first, farewell, th'art murder'd by thy *Lover*:  
 Then shalt thou hear the Soul-amazing tone  
 Of him that sits on his immortal Throne,  
 Pronounce against thee at the dreadful day  
 Of thy accounts; thus shalt thou hear him say:

Depart, ye cursed off-springs of a *Father*  
 Ascurst as you, avoid my sight, go gather  
 The fruits of your deserts; you have forgot  
 The *God* that made you, and I know ye not:  
 See if the *World*, within whose folding arms  
 You always slept, can quit thee from the harms  
 That must ensue; see if her flatt'ring power  
 Can shelter thee, from the ore-flowing shower  
 Of my fast-dropping rage; see if her brest  
 Can entertain thee with eternal rest.

## Mans Unworthiness. 75

Be gone, be gone, my fury hates to see  
Such *Miscreants* ; had you remember'd me,  
I now had known you ; had you made me eat  
When I was forc'd to importune for meat,  
I now would bless you with celestial dyer,  
And crown your *Souls* with everlasting quiet :  
Had you but quencht my raging thirst, or gave  
A single drop, that very drop should save  
Your death-adjudged *Souls*, and you should sup  
Abundant comforts from my streaming Cup :  
Had you (sad sons of vengeance) but supply'd  
My nakedness with Garments, when I cry'd  
And call'd upon your charity to send  
Relief unto me, I had been your friend ;  
Or had your (more than marble) hearts reliev'd  
M'impris ned body, now ye had not griev'd :  
Had you, your world-affined *Souls* addrest  
Your selves unto me when I was oppress'd  
With lingring sickness, then I would have fed  
Your *Souls* (which now are starv'd) with heav'nly  
But since you have not done it unto those (bread;  
Which I esteem'd, y'ave prov'd your selves my foes  
Therefore be gone, let darkness be your lot,  
Learn to remember that ye have forgot  
My mercies ; go, and let my judgments dwell  
Within your guilty hearts; let black-mouth'd Hell  
Plague

Plague you with torments, let him always lash  
 Your hearts with flames, until ye howl, and gnash  
 Your teeth together ; Go, depart my sight,  
 And taste the fruit of everlasting night.

But as for you whose better deeds have found  
 Acceptance in my heart, ye shall be crown'd  
 With unremoved happiness, because  
 Ye have obsequiously perform'd my Laws ;  
 You fed my craving stomach, and you cloath'd  
 My naked body, and you have not loath'd  
 To visit me ; and when I was a stranger,  
 Ye took me in, and guarded me from danger :  
 Go then my Lambs, and let your *Oratory*  
 Proclaim the greatness of your *Fathers* glory :  
 Go revel in my *Courts* ; no discontent  
 Shall breed a faction in my *Parliament* :  
 I'll pass an *Act* of *Peace*, and it shall be  
 Sign'd by the hand of my Eternity .  
 My tongue shall style you blessed, and my voice  
 Shall raise your *Souls*, and teach you to rejoyce :  
 Your unexcised pleasures shall abound  
 To infinite ; your raviht hearts shall sound  
 The depth of my delights ; all things shall move  
 Within the sphere of uncontrouled Love :  
 Be well assur'd, your pleasures shall be great ;  
 Then fly from *Judgment* to my *Mercy*-seat,

And

## Mans Unworthiness. 77

And there rejoyce with a tryumphant mirth;  
My Love shall live with them that hated Earth.

Obdurate *Man*, here, here thou mayst descry  
*Judgment* and *Mercy*, one to terrifie,  
The other to perswade; and yet wilt thou  
Prove adamantine, and refuse to bow  
To thy *Redeemer*? Canst thou ruminare  
Upon his *Love*, and yet wilt not dilate  
Thy Soul unto him? Is thy brazen heart  
Impenetrable? Will no flaming dart  
Of true affection enter? Hast thou vow'd  
To stop thy ears? Shall mercy call aloud, (rattle  
And thou not hear? Shall thund'ring *Judgments*  
About thy ears, and yet wilt thou imbattle  
Against the Lord of *Hosts*? wilt thou invoke  
Perpetual vengeance to entail a stroke  
Upon thy stubborn heart? What, dost thou think  
Hell's void of flames, or that thy *God* will wink  
At thine enormities? Go, rally all  
Thy thoughts together, and discreetly fall  
Into a serious study. —————

————— Let thy mind  
Be absolute, and really enclin'd  
To meditation; contradict the rage  
Of thine own passion: labour to assuage

The

The fire of lust, that so thou mayst behold  
 With more serenity, how manifold  
 His mercies are, that every day prevents  
 The sad incursions of deprav'd events.  
 Think but in what a most defam'd condition  
 Thy *Soul* was in, before the grand Physician  
 Of *Heav'n* and *Earth* spontaneously set down  
 A balm from his own *Gilead* to crown  
 The sons of grief: think what we did endure,  
 Before his wounds had perfected thy cure.  
 Remember how undauntedly he stood,  
 And sweat himself into a crimson flood  
 To ransom thee; remember how his woes  
 Were asperated by his raging foes;  
 Remember how his sacred temples wore  
 A spiny *Crown*, remember how it tore  
 His sublime *Front*; remember how they broach'd  
 His brest with *Spears*, and shamefully reproach'd  
 His spotless fame; remember how they nail'd  
 His spreading hands, remember how they scal'd  
 His Ivory *Walls*, remember how they spawl'd  
 Upon his face, remember how they bawl'd  
 And banded at his *Agony*, whilst he  
 Prov'd patient *Martyr* to their tyranny;  
 Remember when he came unto the brink  
 Of death, they gave him vinegar to drink:

## Mans Unworthiness. 79

Nay more (because they vowd to empty all  
Their poysoned malice out) they gave him Gall.  
Oh bitter deed ! Oh most abhorred Crimes !  
(Too nearly parallel'd in these our times.)  
Thus having put a period to their plots,  
They thought it good to cast their hellish lots  
For his (I dare not say mean) clothes ; I know  
They were our *Saviours* , to whose worth we owe  
Perpetual thanks ; 'twas his well finished breath  
Redeem'd our Souls from everlasting death.

Here's Love (O man) that does as far transcend  
Thy thoughts as thy deserts, that *heav'n* shu'd send  
His Son and Heir to be incarnated,  
And suffer death for thee, that wert as dead  
As sin could make thee ; 'twas for thy offence  
He dy'd ; Ah, how, how canst thou recompence  
Such high-bred Favors ! Favors unexpected  
Deserve to be imbrac'd, and not neglected.  
Do not (rash Soul) like *Cleopatra* nurse  
Imbosom'd Vipers ; blessings prove a curse,  
If once abus'd ; Ingratitude cuts off  
Th'inrail of Love ; it is a shame to scoff  
At Benefactors ; after thou art fed,  
Wilt thou condemn the hand that gave thee bread?  
Wouldst thou not love that friend that should be-  
A superanuated crust, and shew  
(slow  
Respect

Respect unto thee, when the ebbing tyde  
 Of Fortune runs so low, that thou mayst ride  
 Upon the sands of *Poverty*? *Fond Man*,  
 Strive to be grateful, study how to scan  
 The mercies of thy *God*; remember how  
 He feeds thy *Soul* with *Manna*; learn to bow  
 Th' unruly thoughts; (with admiration) think  
 How often, and how much imbitter'd drink  
 Thy *Saviour* drank; with what a doleful cry  
 He beg'd of *God* to let that cup pass by;  
 But knowing that his pleasure must be done,  
 He prov'd himself his most obedient Son.  
 And wilt thou not (coy wretch) drink one poor sup  
 Of bitter drink for him, that drank a cup  
 To sweeten thine? thou needst not fear nor scorn  
 To taste, because Heav'n's sacred *Unicorn*  
 Hath purg'd the waters, and they must be sweet  
 Except they're reimpoyson'd by thy feet:  
 If so, what wilt thou do? where wilt thou find  
 An Antidote for an invenom'd mind?  
 It is reported, if the *Spider* chance  
 To meet the obvious *Toad*, they'll both advance  
 Their inward force, and mutually proclaim  
 An open War; *brave Combatants of fame*!  
 And having summon'd their imbowel'd might,  
 March boldly on, and both incens'd, they fight:

The



## *Mans Unworthiness.* 81

The *Toad* being heavy loaded, cannot go,  
Or wheel about, like his encountring foe,  
But keeps his ground, & makes a small resistance:  
The *Spider* scorning to be kept at distance,  
Falls in upon him, and with nimble rage  
Assaults his foe, who now begins t' assuage  
His former fury, and would fain retreat (great  
From his small Foe, whose strength is grown too  
For opposition; being thus distress'd  
He crawls away, and with a crop-sick brest  
Seeks for relief, and by and by discries  
A *Plantain* leaf, within whose veins there lies  
A secret *Antidote*, which did at length  
Expel his poyson, and renew his strength:  
Having disgorg'd himself, he soon returns  
Into the Camp, where for a time he burns  
To be in action, and at last he sees  
The crafty *Spider* creeping by degrees  
To seize upon him, then his courage fails;  
He knows not what to do, his foe assails  
With all his might, constraining him to yield  
The conquest, and with shame to quit the field:  
Then he begins to seek, and hunt about,  
To find the soveraign healing *Plantain* out,  
Which had before reliev'd him, and supply'd  
His wants; but that being gone, he burst, and dy'd  
G Even

Even so, if Hells black *Spider* chance to crawl  
From his infernal Web into the Hall  
Of this all-dusty World, he soon prepares  
Himself to fight, and suddenly declares,  
That he, the grim-look'd General of Hell,  
Dares to encounter any Souls that dwell  
Within the limits of the spacious Earth,  
And in a moment qualifie their mirth;  
Thus Satan boasts, and if he chance to meet  
A single Soul, he'l thus begin to greet.

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A

## DIALOGUE

Between the

Soul and Satan.

*Sat.* **S**Oul, th'art well met. *Soul.* 'Tis true, for  
I am well.

*Sat.* Say, whither art thou going? *Soul.* Not to  
Hell.

*Sa.* Pish, talk no more of that, but tel me whither  
Thou go'st; come, prithee let's go both together.

*Soul.* A pretty motion; when I want a guide  
I'll send for thee, till then thou art deny'd

To be my Usher. *Sat.* Prethee tell me why  
Thou art so obstinate, as to deny

Gz

So

# 84 *A Dialogue between*

So free a courtesie as I have shown ;  
 Mischance oft falls to them that walk alone ;  
 Be not so much averse as to neglect  
 This opportunity ; I can protect  
 Thy feet from sliding ; dangers still attend  
 Those that despise the favors of a friend. (How?)  
*Sou.* A friend! how canst thou prove that title?*Sat.*  
 As thus ; because I'm willing to allow  
 The best assistance of my ready arm  
 To guide, nay and protect thee from all harm ;  
 Therefore a friend. *So.* What you pretend to show  
 Is but external ; he that can bestow  
 Internal friendship on a Soul distress'd  
 Is a true friend ; no matter for the rest.  
 If *Heav'n* will guide my Soul I shal not stray ,  
 Or fear the evils of a dangerous way :  
 But as for you, I needs must borrow leave  
 To say, your friendship's onely to deceive ;  
 Confusion paths your ways, and if I run  
 By your advise., I needs must be undone.  
 God bids me fly from sin, if I refuse  
 Obedience to his will, I shall abuse  
 His just commands ; then will my sorrows cry,  
 When *Mercy* stops, *Judgment* begins to fly.

*Sat.* Desist (fond Soul) and labor to divorce  
 Thy lips from this too fabulous discourse ;

Guild not thy words with vanity, perswade  
These thoughts (which are erroneous) to evade  
Thy serious mind ; advise and thou shalt see  
My ways are best, be principl'd by me ;  
Let not the swing of passion strike thee down,  
But follow me, 'tis I must give a Crown  
To thy deserts, 'tis I that can advance  
Thy down-cast Soul above the reach of chance ;  
'Tis I (mistaken Soul) 'tis I alone  
That must conduct thee to the sublime throne  
Of true Salvation ; 'tis my hand must bring  
Thy trembling Soul before th'all-judging King  
Of Heaven and Earth ; it is my power can fill  
Thy heart with joy ; believe me, and I will.  
Trust not the babling languages of those  
That seem thy friends, but are thy greatest foes ;  
They'r great to thy destruction, they'l connive  
And fawn, nay almost bury thee alive ; (stories  
They'l talk of *Heav'n* and *Hell*, they'l tell thee  
Of endless, boundless, unconceived glories ;  
They'l tell thee of Eternity, and woo  
Thy *Soul* out of thy ears, if thou'lt bestow  
Thy pains to hear them ; they'l infuse, and brew  
Their own designs, and tell thee all is true  
That they declare ; they'l tell thee that they're sent  
As Messengers from *Heav'n's* high Parliament.

# 86 *A Dialogue between*

Believe me *Soul*, 'tis I that can display  
 The *Gospels* Colours better far than they ;  
 There's nothing in that Volume so abstruse,  
 But I can winde and twist it to my use :  
 And there is nothing in this world can be  
 Stil'd worth a Work, but can be done by me :  
 I can do all, it lies within my power  
 To make thee poor or rich in half an hour :  
 I can command whole *Legions* to attend  
 Upon my honor : Say, what nobler friend  
 Canst thou embrace ? I'll be a friend to all  
 That will give audience to my faithful call ;  
 I'll make them swell with riches, they shall have  
 As much, nay if not more, than they can crave :  
 Am I not rare, and rich, and high, and great,  
 Incomprehensible ? Is not my seat  
 The throne of happiness ? Yet cannot I  
 Invite thee to my sweet eternity ?  
 Come gentle *Soul*, into my twining arms,  
 I'll hug thee, I'll delight thee with my charms,  
 I'll shew thee all my Joys, nothing shall lie  
 Hid from the view of thy all-gazing eye :  
 Happy, beyond expression. *Soul*. Satan, stay.  
 The Progress of thy tongue, and give me way,  
 That I may vent my thoughts, for you have spoke  
 At large already ; and is this the stroke

Which

*the Soul and Satan.* 87

Which you intend shall wound me? Be assur'd,  
The blow's but small, and well may be endur'd.

*Sat.* What, mov'd to passion! Is thy mind disturb'd  
With foul mistrust? pray let those thoughts be  
curb'd :

What, dost thou think I am perfidious? Fie;  
'Tis folly to condemn before you try.

Alas, alas! what profit can accrue  
To me by wronging such a *Soul* as you?

What I express is onely for your good,  
But what is more than grave advice withstood?  
I doubt these weak, these empty thoughts presage  
A tempest, guarded with a storm of rage:  
Well then, storm on, and when thy storm is spent,  
Sit down and meditate, and then repent.

*Soul. Repent,* Oh happy word! although express'd  
By a foul mouth; those that repent are blest.

How dare thy hellish lips usurp a word  
Fill'd with divinity, but will afford  
No rest, no comfort, to thy horrid *Soul*?

Be gone, be gone; and if thou canst condole  
Thy self, thou art (if Logick prove but true)  
Curst in the *Major*, and the *Minor* too.

Bless me, *ô heav'n*: what blust'ring stormy weather  
Drove such a vile prodigious *Monster* hither?

Touch-stone of baseness, dost thou come to prove  
Whether I'm gold, or dross? thou mayst remove

Thy forward hopes, because I hope to be  
Meral at last for *Heav'n*, and not for thee.  
Be gone, fallacious wretch, I cannot brook  
Thy golden baits, I have descry'd thy hook :  
Father of *Lyes*, thy policy is built  
Upon the *sands*, and plaister'd o're with guilt :  
Thy tongue foretells a storm ; if so, be sure  
Thy sand-built policy shall not endure :  
Flattery's the *life* of baseness, and that Art  
Is well imprinted in thy subtile heart :  
Dost thou believe that I can entertain  
Belief from thee ? Or dost thou think to reign  
Within my breast ? No, no ; thy cloudy powers  
Are at the best but falsifying showers :  
Be satisfi'd, I cannot give the least  
Of credit to thee, nor I dare not feast  
My thoughts with such uncertainties ; I know  
Thy dyet must and will corrupt to woe.  
Thou bidst me not condemn, before I make  
Some tryal of thy trust ; If I should take  
Such green advice, I quickly should undo  
My wretched self ; and in condemning you  
What profit could I have ; or what relief  
Could I expect to mitigate my grief,  
My accusations would be blown as dust  
Before the wind ; I'll neither try, nor trust.



*the Soul and Satan.* 89

*Sat.* Nor try, nor trust ? Art thou resolv'd to cross  
My real motions ? Do, and see whose loss  
Will prove most weightry ; if I lose the heat  
Of thy weak love, my loss will not be great ;  
But if I should withdraw my love from thee,  
How like a Map of well-drawn misery  
Wouldst thou appear ? be wise, correct thy thoughts  
Neglected favors prove the greatest faults.  
Take my instructions, for 'tis I must bring  
Content unto thee ; 'tis a glorious thing  
To be immortal : prethee Soul decline  
Thy former ways ; say shall I call thee mine ?  
Mine, mine thou art ; I'll load thee with renown ;  
Let me but conquer, thou shalt wear the Crown.

*How pleasing are my joys ! how full of peace  
Are all my ways ! my glories still increase :  
I'm great and good, I take delight to win  
Distressed Souls, and lead them from their sin ;  
I cannot chuse but pity those that lye  
Upon the beds of sensuality ;  
My melting Soul is always free to give  
Comfort to them that study how to live.  
Alas, the care and trouble that I take  
Is more for their content, than my own sake :  
My gates are always open, they that venture  
To come to me shall ( with a welcom ) enter ;*

*And*

90 *A Dialogue between*

*And when they call, and cry, I will appear  
My self unto them, and rejoyce to hear  
Their sad complaints ; I will not hide my face  
From them that seek the glory of my grace :  
I cannot be unconstant ; I must grieve  
To hear their sorrows, and I will relieve.  
I will be pitiful to them that trust  
In me alone , I cannot be unjust ;  
I cannot, no I cannot ; Earth shall move  
Sooner than I will falsifie my love :  
I am eternal ; they that will endeavor  
To gain my love, shall have my heart for ever.*

*Soul.* 'Tis not your empty words shall make my  
breast

*Stoop to the flattery of thy vain request ;  
Though I have ears to hear, I have a mind  
That will not shake at the hard-breathing wind  
Of your discourse ; what you pretend for reason  
Is nothing but the froth of private treason :  
'Tis not your multiloquious tongue can turn  
The Biass of my Soul, or make me spurn  
At Holy Writ ; 'tis not your fond conceit  
Of being good, shall make me to retreat (Joys  
From Heav'n's Commands ; 'tis not your promis'd  
Can make me chearful ; or your painted toys  
Can lure me to your fist ; 'tis not the dart  
Of your vain love can penetrate my heart ;*

*'Tis*

'Tis not your seeming clemency can make  
 My *Soul* to love you, for your Pities sake;  
 'Tis not your always-open gates that shall  
 Entice my steps to your large Guilded Hall;  
 'Tis not your self-appearance shall invite  
 My well-composed thoughts to your delight;  
 'Tis not your greatness that shall make me yield  
 To your desires; *Religion* is my shield:  
 Neither fear nor love your rash evasions,  
 Nor give attendance to your smooth persuasions:  
 'Tis difficult to serve two Masters well; (*Hell*.  
 Who strays from *Heav'n*, must needs approach to  
 I am advis'd to shun the broad-path'd ways  
 That lead to ruine; what the *Scripture* says  
 I must believe; 'tis dangerous to fly  
 Without the wings of true *Divinity*:  
 The *Scriptures* are my way, my light, my guide,  
 And they that go without them needs must slide:  
 The paths are strait in which I ought to run  
 The course of grace, until my days are done;  
 And they that change a *Vertue* for a *Vice*,  
 Deserve no fruit from *Heav'n's* blest *Paradise*.

*Sat.* Surcease those fond conceits, thou dost but  
 spin  
 Thine own destruction, and connive at sin:  
 Urge not the *Scriptures*, for I dare maintain  
 My paths are best, and other ways are vain:

Thy

Thy *Scripture-conscience* will at last confound  
Th' amazed thoughts, and give thy Soul a wound  
That hates a cure, then shalt thou prove unblest,  
Whilst others find the plainest Road's the best.  
Suppose thou wert (I speak it for thy sake)  
Mov'd by occasions, forc'd to undertake  
A long-way'd journey, wouldst thou not enquire  
The readiest way, but run into the mire?  
If thou shouldst act a crime so foully bad,  
Folly would style thee fool, and Wisdom mad.  
Stray not into the Wilderness of grief,  
But come to me, take courage and be brief  
In thy designs; perswade thy self, that I  
Am both thy light, thy way, and best supply  
In time of need; I am thy prop, thy stay;  
Therefore resolve, and trifle not away  
Thy thrifless Soul; be not thy self destroyer;  
I'll be thy Love, and thou my Loves enjoyer;  
Know that my real brest contrives no end,  
But what may merit so divine a friend  
As thine own self: folly and wisdom lies  
Before thy face; be either fool, or wise:  
Protract no time, but make a speedy choice,  
Thy welfare shall instruct me to rejoyce;  
Observe my actions, pry in to my parts,  
Let's know each other by exchange of hearts;

## *The Soul and Satan.* 93

Ile give thee mine, and for my love restore  
Thine unto me ; grant this, Ile ask no more.  
Be free to give, as I am free to crave ;  
Th'adst better live my friend, than die my slave :  
For if thou shalt deny what I desire,  
Ile make my bellows to advance the fire  
Of thy distress, and sorrows shall corrode  
Thy stubborn heart, and care shall make abode  
Within thy brest ; perpetuated grief  
Shall find a voice, but ramble from relief.  
Ile gripe thee, till I make thee understand  
The fiery language of my furious hand :  
Sighings, and groanings, sobs, and tears, and cries  
Shall be thy sad Concomitants ; thine eyes  
Shall stare upon (well may I call them new  
And horrid) Lights, such Lights as shall renew  
Thy growing torments ; every thing shal be  
Thy fellow-slaves in servile miserie :  
Ile yoke thee with distress, nay, and Ile chain  
Thy struggling Soul with everlasting pain ;  
Ile crowd thee full of sorrows, and Ile double  
Thy unconceived, uncontrouled trouble,  
Whilst I, triumphing I, will sit aloft,  
And be ador'd, and scoff to see thee scoff :  
Pity shal be a stranger to my brest ;  
My care shal be to make thy Soul unblest ;

The

## 94 *A Dialogme between*

The tydes of woe shall overflow thy thoughts,  
And be equivalent unto thy faults ;  
Be sure, that what extremity can be  
Thought worth the using, shall be us'd on thee :  
Now I have spoke, if thou wilt not repent,  
I'll cease to speak, and study to torment.

*Sou.* How full of poyson's every word that flow  
Out of thy mouth ? what trust can I repose  
In such a flatterer ? I dare not try,  
Or throw my self upon thy courtesie :  
I know thou canst not answer my request ;  
There is no truth in a self-praising brest.  
If I should dive into the deep abyss  
Of thy black thoughts, what glory, or what bliss  
Should I discern ? Or if I should deliver  
My heart to thee, thou'dst disrespect the giver ;  
Though at the first perhaps thou wouldst express  
A seeming-unbeseeming thankfulness,  
Yet at the last I know thou would decline  
Thy promis'd ways, and style me to be thine.  
Fair words find easie passage, they proceed  
But from the tongue, th'event still crowns the deed  
Three things denote a friend ; first to conceal  
A secret speech ; the next is to reveal  
A private good ; the last, is to advise  
The safest way t' obtain an enterprise

And

And he that can do this, as you pretend,  
Deserves the title of a real friend :  
But my *Religion* tutors me to say,  
(Nay and affirm,) You neither can, nor may ;  
I'm sure it is (if reason dare prove true)  
One thing to speak, another thing to do.  
Your words are airy messengers, which fly  
Into my ears, and there enroul a Lye ;  
Many untruths have broken the common Goal  
Of thy foul mouth ; thou sayst thou canst prevail  
To make me glorious, and thou canst encrease  
My joys, and crown me with eternal peace :  
Thou sayst th'art good and great, & that thy paths  
Lead to *Salvation* ; thou declar'st thy Laws  
To be most just ; if all these things be true,  
I needs must call the *Scriptures* false, or you ;  
Truth bids me tell thee boldly, when thou cry'st  
Th'art great, and good, and rich, and rare, thou ly'st :  
If thou art good, and great, pray tell me why  
Thou wilt behold so vile a wretch as I ?  
These things bespeak thee humble, unto which  
Thou plead'st not guilty ; and if thou art rich,  
How can it be, that thou wilt condescend  
To feed my wants, that am so poor a friend ?  
Strange is that charity, which seems to shine  
From such a *diabolick* brest as thine.

IF

# 96 *A Dialogue between*

If my belief could keep an equal pace  
 With my swift tongue, how full of Faith & Grace  
 Should I appear ? Such Faith as would devour  
 My wanton Soul, and make mee weep as fast  
 It is impossible to find a *Sion*  
 That has no Governor, except a *Lyon*.

## *The Souls Petition to God.*

Oh *Heav'n*, I crave that thou wouldst keep me still  
 From this most vile *Progenitor* of Ill :  
 Suffer him not t'infold me in his arms,  
 Or overcome me with his wanton charms ;  
 Oh make my heart obdure that he may knock  
 Upon my Soul, as on a marble Rock ;  
 Be thou my *Fort*, and then I shall endure  
 His furious Onsets, and repose secure ;  
 Give me thy Grace, that I may be content ;  
 Make me as strong, as he is impudent.

Now let the spring-tyde of thy fierce desires  
 Flow to the height, thou shalt not quench my fires  
 Know *Satan*, know, my heart reserves no place  
 For thy abode, I scorn thee to thy face ;  
 The well-dy'd colours of my *Soul* declares  
 Defiance to thee, and my breast prepares  
 To give thee battle ; strike, I fear thee not ;

*Who's arm'd with Faith, needs fear no Cannon shot*

Wha



*the Soul and Satan.* 97

*Sat.* What impious tongue is that which dares defie  
My power with so much boldnes? *So.* Wretch, 'tis I;  
'Tis I (infernal Traytor) that will spend  
My strength to prove thou art a flatt'ring feind.

*Sat.* Move me to anger, do, and thou shalt find  
A courteous friend at last may prove unkind :  
Have I not woo'd thee almost night and day  
To goe to Heaven? *Son.* The quite contrary way.

*Sat.* Have I not labour'd like a watchful father  
To nourish thee? *Son.* Or like a Devil rather.

*Sat.* Have I not always taken great delight?

*Son.* To take away good gold, and give me light.

*Sat.* How much nocturnal and diurnal care  
Have I sustain'd for thee? *Son.* True, 't'insnare.

*Sat.* Have I not been assiduous to await  
Upon thy pleasure? *Son.* and corrupt my state.

*Sat.* Have I not proffer'd all that can be given  
To a sick Soul? *Son.* To drive my Soul from Heaven

*Son.* Did I not promise to be true and just?

*Son.* Did I not say, I'de neither try nor trust?

*Sat.* Did I not promise that I'de make thee wise?

*Son.* Did I not say thou wert compos'd of lies?

*Sat.* Did I not promise to encrease thy store?

*So.* Did I not say such wealth would make me poor

*Sat.* Did I not promise to advance thy fame?

*Son.* Did I not say thy honors were thy shame?

H

*Sat.*

# 98 *A Dialogue between*

- Sat.* Did I not promise to uphold thy peace?  
*Son.* Did I not say such wars would never cease?  
*Sat.* Did I not promise thee a Crown of life?  
*Son.* Did I not say that Crown would Crown my  
*Sat.* Did I not promise thee eternal glory? (strife?  
*Son.* Did I not say that promise was a story?  
*Sat.* Did I not promise I would give thee all?  
*Son.* Did I not say such promises were small?  
*Sat.* Did I not tell thee I was great and good?  
*Son.* Did I not answer 'twas in shedding blood?  
*Sat.* Did I not tell thee that my ways were best?  
*Son.* Did I not answer that they were unblest?  
*Sat.* Did I not tel thee that thou shouldst have joy?  
*Son.* Did I not answer such as would destroy?  
*Sat.* Did I not tell thee that I did lament?  
*Son.* Did I not answer that I was content?  
*Sat.* Did I not tell thee what a friend I'd prove?  
*Son.* Did I not answer that I could not love?  
*Sat.* Thus by fair terms I labour'd to obtain,  
*Son.* Thus in foul terms I told thee 'twas in vain.  
*Sat.* Then I began to threaten thee with grief,  
*Son.* And then I fled to *Heav'n*, and found relief.  
*Sat.* I threatened to afflict thee with large pains,  
*Son.* I told thee such afflictions were my gains.  
*Sat.* I told thee more than now I will express,  
*Son.* My answers made thee wish I had spoke less.

*Sat.*

*the Soul and Satan.* 99

*Sat.* But now I see my real words can find  
No rest within the Center of thy mind ;  
For 'tis in vain to sow the seeds of life  
In a dead heart that is manur'd with strife :  
I'll therefore cease my importuning love,  
I'll shew my Serpent, and keep close my Dove.  
Do, do thy worst, vile wretch, I'll make thee know  
Griefs abstract, and the quintessence of woe ;  
I'll load thee with extremities, thy breast  
Shall always crave, but find no place of rest :  
Had but my grave advice receiv'd a place  
Within thy heart, thou hadst been fil'd with grace ;  
But now the inundations of thy trouble  
Shall overflow thee, and I will redouble  
My new-contrived plagues ; I'll make thee feel  
My melting heart is now transform'd to steel :  
Thy tongue shall (like a bolt of thunder) roul  
And roar within thy mouth ; thy sulphurous Soul  
Shall flash forth lightning, and thy blood-red eyes  
Shall blaze like Comets in the troubled Skies :  
Thy teeth shall gnash, as if they scorn'd to be  
Concomitants in so much misery ;  
Oh how I'll carbonado every part,  
And fill thy body with increasing smart ;  
Thy Soul shall lure for death, but that shall hate  
To pierch upon thee, and condemn thy state :

100 *A Dialogue between*

Life shall be still incroaching, but thy breath  
 Shall scorn that life, and hate it unto death ;  
 Thy flesh shall drop forth brimston, and thy bones  
 Shall court each other in their crackling tones ;  
 Horror shall be thy watchman, curses shall  
 Possess thy tongue, one torment still shall call  
 Upon another ; when thy voice shall cry  
 But for a drop ; Confusion shall reply,  
 No, no, thou shalt not, if a golden Myne  
 Could buy a drop, that drop should not be thine:  
 Then shalt thou say, if thou hadst been at first  
 Advis'd by me, thou hadst not been accurst :  
 Thus in this sad *Dilemma* shalt thou roar,  
 And crave my succour, but I'll not deplore  
 Thy woful state, because thou wert averse  
 To goodness, after folly comes a curse :  
 Then shalt thou know and find I will exile  
 All thoughts of pity, and I'll rather smile  
 Than grieve at thy distress ; ah know 'tis hard  
 To force an entrance where the gates are bard:  
 Fond Soul, be serious, let thy thoughts reflect  
 On my indulgency, and give respect  
 Unto my clemency ; believe I will  
 Be good to thee, do but forsake thy ill ;  
 Forsake, forsake that evil which will turn  
 To thy destruction ; do not, do not burn

The precious fuel of thy chaste desires  
In idle, wanton, all-consuming fires,  
The post of time is swift, and knows no stay;  
'Tis time to go when Reason calls away:  
Protraction's dangerous; it is not good  
To strive with that which scorns to be withstood.  
Then do not thou procrastinate, but take  
This opportunity, do but forsake  
Thy former ways, and readily incline  
Thy self to me, and I will make thee shine  
With so much lustre, that all eyes shall gaze  
Upon thy brightness, and admire with praise:  
Oh may my language reach thee too believe,  
That so my torments may not make thee grieve  
In utter darkness, that thou mayst imbrace  
Those glories, which adorn my peaceful place:  
Repent, (dear Soul) repent what thou hast done,  
Then call me *Father*, and I'll love my son:  
Thus having told thee all, I'll here desist;  
Be thou more apt to yield than to resist.

*Sou.* I find, I find you first in flint a wound,  
And then with balsome strive to make it sound:  
You make me smile at first, but after groan;  
One hand incloses bread, the other stone;  
I fain would take the bread, but that I stand  
In fear and danger of the stony hand:

102 *A Dialogue between*

Therefore, to shun all danger, I'll despise  
Your fond advice, and practise to be wise :  
If all should prove, that you have told me, true,  
I know the best and worst that thou canst do ;  
As for your threatnings, they shall not disturb  
My peaceful thoughts, my faith shall be their curb:  
Uge me no more, but let me rest in quier,  
Strong is that stomach can digest thy dyer.

*Sat.* And is it so ? will no perswasions work  
Upon thy thoughts ? Those pregnant crimes that  
lurk

Within thy brest, will, like to Scorpions, gnaw  
Thy groaning heart; such sorrow knows no Law;  
But since thou wilt not be advis'd, expect  
To find reward, as I have found neglect.  
Ah, why fond wretch, why dost thou thus provide  
Thy feeble self to strive against the tyde ?  
Alas, alas ! why art thou lull'd asleep  
In follies Lap ? Rouze up for shame, and weep  
For thine infirmities ; be not thus cross  
To him that would preserve thee from a Loss :  
'Tis time to cast away the works of night,  
And cloath thee with the shining robes of light.

*Son.* If your strong Oratory had the skill  
To make me yield to your unsatiate will,  
It were enough ; what more could you desire,  
Than a bad period to your bad desire ?

But

*the Soul and Satan.* 103

But stay (bold friend) I'll meditate and see  
What fruit will spring from thine infernal tree.

*Sat.* What, must I stay (vile wretch) till you dispute  
And prove the goodness of my pleasing fruit?

Must I be always waiting on the train  
Of your desires, and spend my time in vain?

No, no, I will not: for it is unfit  
I should attend, if you will not submit;

Th'incens'd fury of my spirits burn

To be in action, I will not adjourn

A minute longer; go, and hug thy vice,  
Thou lov'st the bargain, but abhor'st the price:

Urge me no more, away, I have forgot

All thoughts of friendship, and I know thee not:

And here I leave thee to the Lawless power

Of thine own passion; Cursed be that hour

That brought thee forth; if all this will not do,

May all men curse thee, and I'll curse thee too.

*Son.* And can the *spring* of thy affections find

So soon an *Autumn*? Canst thou be unkind

With so much ease? and can your real breast

(As you so call't) be so soon dispossest

Of Love and Patience? Oh how bad and strange

Is the effect of such a sudden change!

'Tis disputable, for I know not whether

Anger, or policy, or both together,

H 4

Wharft

104 *A Dialogue between*

Wharft thee to these extreams : well then pursue  
Thine own desires, and I will bid adieu  
To all thy follies ; yet my heart begun  
T'expand it self before the glim'ring Sun  
Of thy perswasions ; if thy sharp'ned rage  
Had not so soon exploded me the stage,  
I fear, I fear, I had before this hour  
Been prostituted to thy rameless power :  
Be gone, be gone ; but stay, hark *Satan*, hark,  
Go boast you shot, but fairly miss'd the mark.  
*Sat.* Why dost thou bid me go? I m sure you speak  
(As I have done) in jest, thou wilt not break  
The bonds of friendship; though thou hast express'd  
Thy self in anger, yet thou art in jest :  
Those good conceits that live in th'inner places  
Of my close heart, tels me th'art fill'd with graces  
But there is none that can proclaim and cry  
They're free from rage, no not so much as I ;  
When I am angry, then my heart is pleas'd,  
Because I'm satisfy'd ; my mind is eas'd  
Of a most pressing load, which seems to tire  
And waste me with a breast-consuming fire.  
" A wise mans ear must always entertain  
" Things spoke in passion to be void and vain :  
" The tongue's a restless member, and oft-times  
" Out-runs the wit, and then it flies and climbs

Above



Above all sense : " When Reason finds divorce,  
'The tongue proves subject to a headlong course.  
What I have spoke observe, and thou shalt find  
Proceeded from my passion, not my mind :  
The misconstruction of a word may make  
The dearest friends to vary, and forsake  
The plains of friendship, tho' their hearts are free  
From the curst evils of inconstancy :  
Therefore mistake me not, nor do not thou  
Construe my words with an incensed brow ;  
Smile on me then, and cheerfully impart  
The loving chidings of a friendly heart ;  
Then shalt thou see with what a willing arm  
I will conduct and guide thee from all harm ;  
Believe me Soul, I am not come to scatter  
Uncertain stories, but a real matter ;  
What I hold forth unto thee, is the stem  
Of a pure heart, thou art the only Jem  
Shall grow upon it ; come, and let's combine,  
I shall rejoyce to see thee prove divine.

*Sou.* The Bias of thy Love runs now so strong,  
That I much fear 'twill not continue long ;  
I find, I find thou hast the art to sail  
With any wind ; thou labour'st to prevail,  
But 'tis in vain, for know, I trust thee not,  
My zealous heart is fearful of a plot ;

*I can.*

# 106 *A Dialogue between*

I cannot be so foolish as to trust  
Without assurance that thou wilt be just :  
Wilt thou be true ? Speak with a real breath.

*Sat.* I will be just (believe me) unto death ;  
I will, I will ; oh may I never be  
True to my self, if I am false to thee.

*Son.* If thou art just and constant, tel me where  
Thy seat is plac'd, and who is Prince of th'air ;  
Be true in this, and thou shalt find that I,  
According to thy answer, wil reply.

*Sat.* I'll tell thee then (because I'll now fulfil  
The vast desires of thy enquiring will)  
Where my refulgent Seat is plac'd ; prepare  
Thy ears to hear, I'll speedily declare.

The large extent of my unbounded grace  
Cannot be comprehended in one place,  
Because I am immortal, unconfin'd  
To time or place ; I live in every mind  
That's truly real, and not disagreeing  
To my known Laws ; I have no local Being :  
The World's a spacious *Body*, I the *Soul*  
Which lives in every part compleat and whole :  
Thus this dispute is easily decided,  
For what's immortal cannot be divided.  
Nay more, because I'll fill thee with content,  
I say I'm *Prince* of every Element,

There.

Therefore of air: Now if thou canst enquire  
Any thing more, I'll answer thy desire.

*Sou.* Before I suffer my swift thoughts to slide  
Into more questions, I'll be satisfi'd  
In what is past: If so it be, you have  
No local Being, how then will you save  
Those *Hofst*s of Souls which you intend shall be  
Seal'd with the Signet of Eternity?  
Did you not tell me, that your peaceful Seat  
Was rich, sublime, (and without measure) great?  
If thus it be, as 'tis exprest by you,  
'Tis more than strange that 'tis not local too;  
Clear but this doubt, and thou shalt quickly find  
Those duties that attend an honest mind  
Flow from my brest, till then I'll rest in peace,  
As you perform, so shall my Love encrease.

*Sat.* Ambiguous *Soul*, why dost thou thus connive  
At thine own follies? Why dost thou deprive  
Thy self of comfort, comforts that will heal  
Th'exulcerous sores of thy distemper'd weal?  
Why art thou thus inquisitive? the thing  
That thou desir'st to know (if known) will bring  
Small satisfaction to thy dubious brest;  
He's wise enough that knows he shall be blest;  
If you enquire in such a doubtful case,  
You'll loose your rest in seeking out the place:

Sur-

108 *A Dialogue between*

Surcease thy thoughts, and do not proudly knock  
Thy self in peices, now thou knowst the rock ;  
Pry not too farl et secret things alone,  
My *Zodiack* has more signs than must be known ;  
'Tis not the Heav'n of Heav'n's that can contain  
Me, the Creator, and my glorious train ;  
I am even what I please and what I will be (rother  
Even where I will. So. Where's that? Sa. what's that  
The knowledge of my seat does no way tend  
To thy salvation, therefore cease to spend  
Such fruitless thoughts, cast by this needless care,  
Learn to know what I am, no matter where.

*Son.* I must confess, it is not good to pry  
In things that suit not the capacity ;  
But seeing 'twas your pleasure to express  
So much of friendship, I made bold t' address  
My self unto you ; pardon then my crimes,  
You know that wisest men may doubt sometimes :  
Your weights are light, or else your courage fails,  
You have not strength enough to turn the scales  
Of my affections, yet you had almost  
Droven my ill man'd ship upon your Coast,  
The winds of your perswasions rage and roar  
Within my brest, I cannot find a shoar  
For my desires ; I'm tost from wave to wave,  
And am become a most distracted slave ;

Those

*the Soul and Satan.* 109

Those heavenly thoughts which formerly frequen-  
The closet of my brest are now prevented (red  
By base bred fancies, fancies that arise  
From a foul brain, and makes me to despise  
Almost my self; I know not what to do,  
I dare not, oh I dare not yield to you;  
And yet I hardly can believe thou wilt  
Burthen thy conscience with so foul a guilt  
As to betray me, sure thou art more kind  
Than to abuse a well-affected mind;  
But yet I dare not trust a Soul pursuer,  
Because thou kil'st when thou pretend'st to cure.  
I reel, I reel (if not sustain'd) I shall  
Receive a sudden and a deadly fall;  
What shall I do in this deplor'd condition?  
I fear, I fear I've lost my best Physician:  
Try Saran, try, and see what may be done  
For a sick Soul, that foolishly has run  
Beyond it self; oh see what thou canst do  
To give me ease, and then I'll call thee true.  
*Sat.* Now Soul I love thee; rouse, bid grief depart  
Thou hast the symptoms of an honest heart:  
Me thinks I could, with much content, afford  
To say thou speak'st a Christian at a word;  
Cheer up, and know that many troubles wait  
Upon the changes of an ancient State;

The

110 *A Dialogue between*

The work of *Reformation* always brings  
 Trouble at first, but afterwards it sings  
 Anthems of Peace, whose fortunate event  
 Will more than countervail thy discontent.

He that has spent the treasure of his days  
 Under one Roof, has reason to dispraise  
 The troubles of removing; yet at last  
 (When his defatigating cares are past)  
 He may declare himself to be a debtor  
 To fortune, and confess that Life the better.  
 Even so mayst thou (dear Soul) hereafter say,  
 Blest be that hand which led thee from the way  
 And paths of Ignorance, although at first  
 [ 'Tis often known, beginnings are the worst ]  
 Thou feel'st a private nakedness within,  
 Because thou hast uncloath'd thy self of sin :  
 Although, I must confess there cannot be  
 A *vacuum* in Nature, yet in thee  
 There is an emptiness, and must be still,  
 For what is empty, craves a time to fill:

If he whose stomach hath sustain'd the rage  
 Of sharp'ning hunger, should at first assuage  
 His appetite with fulness, would it not  
 Produce a surfeit, and impose a blot  
 Upon his wisdom, raising such a strife  
 Within his *Microcosmus*, that his life

Would

*the Soul and Satan.* 111

Would be endanger'd ; therefore learn by rote,  
That moderation is the chiefeſt note ;  
In all my *Gammuts*, none can ſing ſo high  
As note as moderation, only I.

If I ſhould let thee make too large a meal  
Of my rich joyes at firſt, I ſhould reveal  
Too much of folly ; for if thou ſhouldeſt take  
A ſurfeit at the firſt, it needs muſt make  
Thee fear, nay hate, to entertain my diet ;  
'Tis better far to ſpare at firſt than riot :  
Moreover, ſhould I let thee taſte thy fill  
At firſt, I know the reins of thy fierce will  
Would ſcorn a hand, 'tis dangerous to truſt ;  
Preſumptions ſpur can never want for ruſt :  
Come Soul, let reaſon rule thee, do not ſtain  
Thy well-dy'd judgment, 'tis a greater pain  
To fear, than ſuffer ; come, I long to ſee  
Thee wanton with mee in Eternitie ;  
Then doubt no more, reſolve, and let's away,  
There is no greater grief than to delay  
A happineſs ; be well inform'd of this,  
Procratiſtination is a ſee to Blifs.

*Sou.* Thy words impoſthumate my heart, I feel  
A greater pain than ever *Ixions* wheel  
Knew how t'inſlict, extremities ſtill crowd  
Into my thoughts ; my ſorrows call aloud,  
And

And none will hear ; what shall I do ; for I  
 Unworthy am to live, unfit to dye ;  
 Except th' all ruling power above will please  
 T'inspect my Soul, and furnish me with ease,  
 To whose blest ears I'll recommend my suit,  
 My sorrows will not let my tongue be mute.

Great *Auditor* of groans, oh let my cries,  
 My sighs, my tears, invite thy eares, thine eyes  
 To hear, and view me ; for I must confess,  
 My crimes are great, and I am nothing less  
 Than what is least ; alas ! and nothing better  
 Than what is worst, oh pardon me thy debtor :  
 I'm tost with grief, and know not where to flee  
 My shipwrack'd self, but still my sins appear  
 Before my face, whose looks almost affright,  
 And make me start into eternal night :  
 What shall I do ? or whether shall I flee,  
 That am an alien (Lord) except to thee ?  
 From thee I cannot, and I am too vile  
 To come unto thee, having made a spoyle  
 Of those most sacred mercies, which thy hand  
 Confer'd upon me ; there is no command  
 But I have broke ; yet gracious Lord, I know  
 That thy abounding mercies can o'reflow  
 My sand-excelling sins, which cannot lie  
 Absconded from thine all-surveying eye.

With



*the Soul and Satan.* 113

With shame I must confess the subtile art  
Of *Satan* hath impoysoned my heart ;  
Oh I am sick to death, I swell, I burst,  
Never was any Soul so much accurst.

There's none but thee, thou sacred *Antidote*  
Can cure my grief, be therefore pleas'd to note  
My sad condition, let my sorrows lye  
Before thy face, oh hear me when I cry ;  
Grant me the shield of Faith, that I may stand .  
In opposition to the powerful hand  
Of active *Satan*, weaken ( *Lord* ) his power  
And add unto my strength ; let every hour  
Afford new mercies, mercies that may sail  
Into my brest, ah should my *Foe* prevail,  
Oh, then I perish, shorten ( *Lord* ) his chain  
And lengthen out my patience, oh make vain  
His fierce attempts, that he my feel, and see  
When he is strongest, I'm as strong as he,  
Then shall my lips extol thee, and proclaim  
The greatness of thy glory, and his shame.  
Give but thy grace unto me ( *Lord* ) and then  
Say what thou wilt, my tongue shall say *Amen*,  
Let everlasting plagues and horror dwell  
Within so fit a soul, let black-mouth'd *Hell*  
Remove his scituation, and take  
An everlasting Lease, oh let him make

# 114 *A Dialogue between*

A *Ten'ment* of thee ; dost thou think that I  
Will hear thy prayers ? oh no , I scorn thee, fye  
Away, begon——

*Son.* What voice is this, that makes this bold intru-  
Into my ears, and grumbles our confusion? (sion  
Me thinks I see a storm-portending cloud,  
Bowel'd with thunder, and I hear a loud  
And horrid noyse, a noyse that will confound  
A wel-prepared ear, to hear the sound ;  
Who would not quake at such a voice as this  
That roars forth Malice with an Emphasis ?  
My thoughts are interrupted, and amazement,  
Flashes like Lightning through the brittle case-  
Of my ill glased-brest ; it cannot be (ment  
The voice of Heav'n, a *God* so pure as he  
Hates to be envious, malice cannot spring  
From such a good and (Love-composed) *King* :  
Although his voice (made terrible) oft-times  
By the addition of mans dayly crimes  
Thunders against a sinner, yet his breath  
Can take no pleasure in a sinners death.

Hereafter (Lord) when malice finds a voice  
To speak, my understanding shall rejoyce,  
In knowing who it is, this heart of mine  
Shall never quake at any voice but thine ;

Then

*the Soul and Satan.* 115

Then let hels deep-mouth'd *blood-hound*, roar and  
thunder

He neither fear, nor love, nor quake, nor wonder.

For 'tis not strange to hear a Lyon roare  
That wants his prey, the more he has, the more  
He seeks for more, imploying still his power  
In seeking how, and whom he may devour :  
Know therefore *Sathan*, that I am prepar'd  
To meet thee, and I will not be out-dar'd;  
'Tis not thy false malicious tongue shall tempt  
My heart to love, no, nor thy rage exempt  
My thoughts from heav'n, although thy craft still  
For opportunity to stop good works; (lurks  
When I compose my self, and strive to pray,  
Thou seek'st to turn my thoughts another way.

Thou great corrupter of Diviner parts,  
Thou watchful *thief* that steal'st into the hearts  
Of silly mortals, think not to devour  
My armed heart, with thy pursuing power.  
*Sat.* Wil nothing move thee? wilt thou stil mistrust  
If fair means will not move thee, foul means mult.  
What dost thou think, my arm is grown so short  
It cannot reach thee? dost thou think to sport  
With my commands? say, thou imperious mite  
Who gave thee being, who created light,  
Who made the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Sea, reply  
Audacious wretch, speak, was it thee, or I?

I 2

Thou

# 116 *A Dialogue between*

Thou vain contender, dost thou think to gain  
 By striving with me, any thing but pain,  
 Oh no, thou shalt not, for I'll still renew  
 Thy pinching sorrows: therefore bid adieu  
 To all thy comforts, for thou shalt no more  
 Injoy those blessings thou injoy'dst before,  
 Oh how thy horrid tongue shall roar and cry  
 With *Dives* for a drop, but no supply  
 Shall dare t'appear; the more thou crav'st, the less  
 Thou shalt be heard, for nothing shall express  
 The least of pleasure to thy per-boyl'd heart,  
 Thy chiefeft food shall be perpetual smart.  
 Be well assured that thy ears, thy eyes  
 Shall hear, nor see, nought but extremities;  
 Be gon, be gon, my fury hates delay,  
*Hell*, and Damnation be thy lot, away.

*Son.* Experience makes me understand thou art  
 A lively actor, of a deadly part,  
 I find the greatness of your swelling rage;  
 Your *Prologue* speaks 'twould be a bloody stage  
 If you might act as King, but *Heav'n* prevent  
 The cursed plots of your accurst intent;  
 I fear thee not, because I know thy power  
 Is limited, and thou canst not devour  
 Without commission, therefore do thy worst,  
 And let thy envy swell until it burst

And

And fall to nothing, my *Creator* gives  
Me faith to say that my *Redeemer* lives,  
And will protect me from the rage of those  
That are my known and secret deadly Foes.  
Thy thundring words shall not make me comply-  
For he's unwise that dyes for fear of dying; (ing  
Thus being guarded with the shield of grace  
Ile spit defiance in thine impious face.  
Thou art a *Lion*, and thou seekst for blood  
How bad's that soul that dares to think thee good;  
Urge me no more, cashiere thy fruitless trouble,  
The more thou striv'st, the more Ile strive to double  
My resolutions, for I dare not venture  
To rest my heart on such a bloody center,  
Oh no I dare not; he that shall let go,  
A certain friend, for a most certain foe,  
Justly deserves, to have no other same,  
But what reproach can build upon his name;  
Should I permit my rambling thoughts to glance  
Upon thy love, the Plea of Ignorance  
Could not be prevalent, because 'tis known  
Unto the blest-united three in one  
That I (by his assistance) have descri'd  
Thy real flatt'ry, and thy humble pride;  
I dare affirm no greater pride can be  
Than that that's acted with humility,

## 113 *A Dialogue between*

But here I'll stop, and leave thee to inherit  
Th' effects of a diabolique spirit.

*Su.* Accursed *Caitiffe*, dost thou think to scape  
The fury of my hand, or make a rape  
Upon my goodnes? no, the Sun and Moon  
Shall stop their usual progresses as soon  
As I will change my mind; Vengeance is mine  
And I'll repay it, on that *Soul* of thine.

Be gon, be gon, expect thy sudden doom,  
It is thy *sins* give punishment a room:  
Let everlasting Plagues, and horreur dwell  
Within so fit a Soul; let black-mouth'd Hell  
Remove his scituation, and so take  
A still continuing Lease, oh let him make  
A *ten'ment* of thee, dost thou think that I  
Will hear thy prayers? oh no I scorn thee, fie  
Away, begon——

*Sou.* If words could kill, I had been ere this time  
Worded to death, but now I hope to clime  
Above the reach of words in thy despight,  
Where thou mayst grumble at me, but not bite.

Even as the surly blood-desiring *Dog*  
Ty'd with a chain, or loaded with a clog  
Growes fiercer with restraint, and stands in awe  
Of nothing but his Master, to whose Law

He must submit and keep within his list ;  
For fear will not permit him to resist :  
But if some wandring passenger should chance  
To walk along, he quickly would advance  
His watchful head, and running to and fro  
From place to place, he tugs but cannot go  
Beyond his bounds, but labors still in vain  
(With fruitless biting of his senseless chain)  
To free himself, but when he finds his strength  
Is not sufficient to out-go the length  
Of his well-fastned chain, he soon divides  
His sharp fang'd jaws, and bauls until his sides  
And lungs are weary, then he runs the round  
Until he layes himself upon the ground :  
Where he remaineth much displeas'd and vext,  
Seeming to threaten ruine to the next.

So thou (hels ty'd-dog) if thou couldst but strain  
And quit thy self from heav'ns fast-holding chain  
What Soul should scape thy jaws, or be possesst  
Of lasting peace, or comfortable rest ?  
How sad, how miserable had it been  
For patient *Job*, had but thy power been seen  
Upon his heart ; but *Heaven* that will controul  
In spight of malice, chain'd thee from his *soul* :  
Alas, alas ! Thy chain is not so long,  
To reach a *soul*, nor is thy power so strong

120 *A Dialogue between*

To break it at thy pleasure, thou mayst baul  
And bark forth envy, but not hurt at all ;  
If thou art *God* [as thou pretendest] why,  
Why dost thou suffer such a thing as I  
T'expostulate so long, and dost not show  
Thy Judgements in my speedy overthrow ?

*Sat.* It is my goodness, and not thy desert  
That breeds forbearance in my tender heart,  
Alas, alas, what honour would accrue  
To me in conquering such a thing as you,  
I could within a moments time assuage,  
(But that my clemency out-vies my rage)  
Thy swelling fury, for I could discharge  
Vollies of wrath, and easily enlarge  
Thy restless torments, I could make thee run  
(Like morning mists before the rising Sun)  
Out of my presence, If I should but say  
The word be gon, alas thou couldst not stay,  
But ah, I cannot, for I hate to harm, (arm,  
Love guides my strength, & that strength guides my

Even as the *Shepherd* with bedew'd locks  
Watches the feeding of his harmless flocks  
For fear the bold-fac'd *Wolf* should chance to peep  
Into the *caasts* of his beloved sheep,  
And like a lawless *Tyrant*, soon commence  
(Against those Emblems, of pure innocence)



A bloody action, which would soon incite  
The Shepherds grief, to see so sad a sight,  
So I th' eternal *Shepherd* daily watch  
My wel-fed lambs, for fear Hells wolf should catch  
Or fright (not being fearful to be bold)  
My gentle flocks from their delightful fold ;  
I am beloved, and mine own, will own  
My sacred Name, my voice is not unknown  
Unto my sheep, they always will be all  
Firmly obedient to my cheerful call,  
For which obedience they shall find reward  
Nay such a one, as always shall accord  
To their desires, thrice happy shall they be  
In truly calling, and in owning me  
To be their *Shepherd*, nothing can more please  
M' indulgent *soul*, than such dear flocks as these,  
I will preserve them, and no *wolf* shall dare  
To seize upon them, or presume to tear  
Their downy fleeces, nothing shall be nearer  
Unto my heart, and nothing shall be dearer  
In my affections, for I will affect  
Even where, and when I finde a true respect,  
*Sou.* What strange contusions hath thy language  
bred  
Within my serious thoughts ? how hast thou fed  
My ears with flatteries, but it is in vain ;  
Because my heart hath vow'd not to retain

Thy

## 122 *The Souls thankfulness*

Thy fain'd expressions, nothing shall remove  
My Love from *God*, nor nothing make me love  
Thy wretched self; then be content, and cease  
To urge my mind, or interrupt my Peace.  
Go, do thy worst, and when that worst is done  
Sit down as wisely, as thou hast begun.

*Sat.* Art thou resolv'd? Well then, let vengeance  
Upon thy cursed head, be gon, thou mite (light  
(Nay less) of goodness, go, make haste t'inherit  
Those plagues that wait upon so damn'd a spirit.

*Son.* May this be call'd a *farewell*, if it be,  
The self same *farewell* must attend on thee;  
I hate, nay, scorn to bid *farewell* to you,  
'Tis charity enough to bid, *adieu*.

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## *The Souls Thankfulness, and Request to God.*

**M**ost gracious God, I having lately felt  
The fervor of thy mercies, needs must melt  
Into a thankfulness, Ah should I be  
Ungrateful to so blest a God as thee

- *'Twere*

*and request to God.* 123


'Twere pity, ah 'twere pity, that the ayr  
Should give me breath, or thy fierce hand forbear  
To through me headlong to the deep abyss  
Of speedy ruine, where no comfort is :  
Oh glorious *Lord*, be pleased to inflame  
My heart with raptures, to extol thy Name ;  
Alas I'm weak, and if thou shouldst deny  
Thy aid, nothing could be more weak than I.  
If thou wilt help me, I shall be so strong  
That nothing can prevail to do me wrong.  
*Lord*, I am blind, oh therefore let thy light  
Expel those clouds, that thus eclipse my sight ;  
Be thou my guid, my strength, my sight, my way ;  
Or else (being weak) I shall, or fall, or stray ;  
Oh leave me not, but as thou hast begun  
To shew me mercy, let thy mercy run  
With my desires, and grant that I may be  
A true forgetter of all things, but thee :  
And rather than I should forget thy call,  
Oh let me have no memory at all ;  
Wean me, oh wean me from this nursing earth,  
Make it my sorrow, and thy Throne my mirth.  
Let every morning make me know, and say  
Thy Lawes are Just, or let me know no day ;  
Let every *ev'ning*, make me take delight  
In thy commands, or let me know no night.

Inspire

# 124 *A Dialogue, &c.*

Inspire my heart [O God] and make it glad  
 Always in thee, or make it always sad ;  
 If thou afflict'st me, make me understand,  
 Thou hast a storming, and a calming hand ;  
 If *Poverty* oppresses me, whilst I live,  
 Oh let thy mercy send me friends to give ;  
 Or if thy goodness please to send me store,  
 Oh give me grace to think I may be poor.  
*It matters not, O Lord, how poor I be*  
*Unto the World, if I am rich to thee :*  
 If I am hungry, ô be thou my meat,  
 If I am weary, ô be thou my seat ;  
 Or if I feast, O Lord be thou my guest ;  
 If I am restless, Lord be thou my rest ;  
 If I am thirsty, Lord, be thou my spring ;  
 If I am subject, Lord, be thou my King ;  
 If I have *Vertue*, make me dote upon her ;  
 If Honourable, be thou my Honor :  
 And if I cannot know that which I would,  
 Be pleas'd to make me know, Lord, what I should ;  
 Then shall my ready lips express and show  
 I know no more, than thou wu'dst have me know.  
 My unty'd tongue shall evermore proclaim  
 Th'attendant glories of thy sacred Name.

*Divine*



## Divine Ejaculations.

## 1.

Great God, whose Scepter rules the Earth,  
 Distil thy fear into my heart,  
 That being rapt with holy mirth,  
 I may proclaim how good thou art,  
 Open my lips, that I may sing,  
 Full praises to my God, my King.

*Ejaculation 2.*

Lord, make the torments we endure  
 The Symptoms of thy Love, not wrath;  
 Thou art our Chiron, we thy cure  
 Our Crime's, our sores, thy blood's our bath;  
 O we are weak, be thou as strong;  
 How long O Lord; O Lord, how long?

*Ejaculat*

## 126 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculation 3.*

Just Judge of Earth, in whom we trust;  
Make sharp thy sword, and bend thy bow,  
Consume the wicked; save the Just,  
For thou the Reins, and heart dost know:  
Then shall our tongues sing forth thy praise;  
And praise thy justice all our days.

### *Ejaculat. 4.*

Lord, teach us timely how to pray,  
And give us patience to expect;  
Thou hatest sin; Oh guide our way;  
Judge thou our Foes: The Just protect:  
Then shall the wicked fall with shame,  
And we will sing that love thy name.

### *Ejaculat. 5.*

Great Son of the eternal God,  
To whom the world subjected lyes,  
Break not, but breed us with thy rod:  
O we are foolish, make us wise:  
And if thy wrath begin to flame,  
Wee'l seek protection in thy Name.

*Ejaculat.*

# *Divine Ejaculations.* 127

## *Ejaculat 6.*

Lord, if our enemies encrease,  
And we invoke, bow down thine ear ;  
Be thou our shield, and make our peace,  
And we will scorn what worldlings fear.  
Great *God* of health, great Lord of rest,  
O make us thine, and we are blest.

## *Ejaculat. 7.*

Thou righteous Hearer of Requests,  
Make void the counsels of th'unjust ;  
Send peace into our trembling breasts,  
And fill our hearts with fear and trust :  
If thou wilt make thy face to shine,  
Let others joy in corn and wine.

## *Ejaculat. 8.*

Lord, thou whose equal hand allays  
The poor mans grief, whose help thou art,  
Encline my heart to give thee praise,  
And I will praise thee with my heart :  
For sake me not ; for, Lord I trust,  
As men are cruel, thou art just.

*Ejaculat.*

## 128 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 9.*

Lord, crush my Lyon-hearted Foes,  
Rout them that seek to ruine me ;  
Rise up, O God, forget not those  
Whose wrongs refer their cause to thee :  
Or if the wicked must oppress,  
Be thou not far from my distress.

### *Ejaculat. 10.*

Great God, thy Garden is desac'd,  
The Weeds do thrive, thy Flowers decay ;  
O call to mind thy promise past,  
Restore thou them, cut these away :  
Till then, let not the weeds have power  
To starve or taint the poorest Flower.

### *Ejaculat. 11.*

Lord, leave us not too long a space ;  
O view our griefs, and hear our pray'r,  
Clear thou our eyes, unvail thy face,  
Lest Foes presume, and we despair.  
Lord, make thy mercy our repose,  
And we will sing amidst thy Foes.

*Ejaculat.*



## *Divine Ejaculations.* 129

### *Ejaculat. 12.*

Lord, teach me to renown thy Name,  
Which through the World is so renown'd:  
Let man thy glorious works proclaim,  
Whose head with glory thou hast crown'd.  
As Beasts to men subjected be,  
So Lord subject mans heart to thee.

### *Ejaculat. 13.*

In all extreams, Lord, thou art still  
The Mount whereto my hopes do flee;  
O make my soul detest ail Ill,  
Because so much abhor'd by thee.  
Lord, let thy gracious trya's show  
That I am just, or make me so.

### *Ejaculat. 14:*

Great God, whom Fools deny, how dare  
Our lips request thy glorious eyes!  
If thou but see, thou canst not spare,  
And what thou seeest thou must despise.  
Lord, make us hear thy saying voice,  
Then may'st thou see, and we rejoyce.

K

*Ejaculat.*

## 130 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 15.*

Lord, cleanse my heart, and guide my tongue;  
Preserve my lips from false deceit;  
Protect my hands from doing wrong,  
Teach whom to love and whom to hate:  
Instruct me how to take and give;  
Lord, grant me this, and I shall live.

### *Ejaculat. 16.*

Lord, teach my Reins, that in the night  
My tutor'd Reins, may tutor me;  
And keep me always in thy fight,  
For in thy fight all pleasures be:  
Let not my soul in darkness stray,  
O thou my life, O thou my way.

### *Ejaculat. 17.*

Behold my Right, and right my wrongs  
Thou Saviour of all those that trust;  
O I am weak, my Foes are strong,  
Lord thou art gracious, thou art just:  
O make me rightly prize this life,  
And let thy glory be my strife.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations. 131*

### *Ejaculat. 18.*

Great God, my strength, at whose command  
Whil'st I serve thee all creatures serve me,  
Protect me from my Foe mans hand;  
O, as thou hast preserv'd, preserve me :  
With peaceful conquest crown my days,  
And I will crown thy power with praise.

### *Ejaculat. 19.*

Great God, the work of whose high hands  
The glory of thy Name declare,  
How perfect sweet are thy Commands !  
How purely just thy Precepts are !  
Cleanse all my sins, clear every spot,  
Both open, secret, known, forgot.

### *Ejaculat. 20.*

Accept, O God, my holy fires,  
Lead thou our Armies, give success,  
Bless our designs, grant our desires ;  
O hear and help in our distress :  
Preserv'd by thee, we shall prevail,  
When Chariots flee, and horses fail.

## 132 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 21.*

O God, whose Judgments are severe,  
And mercies full of sweet compassion,  
Scourge thou thy Foes, save those that fear,  
Ravish my Soul with thy Salvation;  
And I will spend my joyful days  
In Psalms of thanks, and Songs of praise.

### *Ejaculat. 22.*

My Jesus, thou that wert no less  
Than God, and yet with men forlorn,  
Earths Comforter, yet comfortless;  
Heavens Glory, yet to men a scorn.  
What thanks shall I return to thee,  
That wert all this, and more for me!

### *Ejaculation 23.*

Great Shepherd of my Soul, thy hand  
Both gives me food, and guides my way;  
Subject my will to thy command,  
And I shall never starve, nor stray.  
If thou wilt keep me in thy sight,  
Thy House shall be my whole delight.

*Ejaculat.*

# Divine Ejaculations. 133

## Ejaculat. 24.

Lord, purge my heart, and cleanse my hand,  
Direct my tongue, and guide my will;  
For nothing that's unclean can stand  
Within thy great, thy glorious Hill.  
Lift up my heart, deprest with sin,  
And let the King of Glory in.

## Ejaculat. 25.

Lord, guide my footsteps in thy truth,  
And let thy grace be my repose;  
Forgive the frailties of my youth,  
And free me from my causeless Foes:  
Redeem thine *Israel* from their hand,  
And bring me to thy promis'd Land.

## Ejaculat. 26.

Lord, keep me just and judg my right,  
Prove thou my reins, and try my heart;  
O make thy Temple my delight,  
And fix my dwelling where thou art:  
Redeem my Soul, confirm my ways,  
And give me power to give thee praise.

## 134 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 27.*

My God, whose fear drives fear away,  
Shew me the beauty of thy House ;  
Preserve me in the evil day,  
That I may sing and pay my vows.  
Lord, grant me fear, and guard my path ;  
Give patience, and with patience, Faith.

### *Ejaculat. 28.*

O God, be thou my living Rock,  
Whereto my restless soul may fly :  
Blest be thy Name, when I invoke,  
Thou hear'st my suit and send'st supply.  
My Foes confound, or else convert  
Or weaken, that they may not hurt.

### *Ejaculat. 29.*

Shall Mountain, Desert, Beast, and Tree,  
Yield to that heavenly Voice of thine,  
And shall that voice not startle me,  
Nor stir this stone, this heart of mine ?  
No, Lord ; till thou new-bore mine ear  
Thy Voice is lost, I cannot hear.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 135

### *Ejaculat.* 30.

Lord, let the evening of my grief  
Be followed with a morning joy ;  
Hear thou my cry, and send relief,  
That tak'st no pleasure to destroy :  
If thou wilt lengthen out my days,  
Their task shall be to sing thy praise.

### *Ejaculat.* 31.

Lord, thou' that hoord'st thy grace for those  
That love and fear thy sacred Name,  
Redeem me from my conqu'ring Foes,  
And vindicate my trust from shame :  
Give me fair Conquest at the end,  
Till then, true courage to attend.

### *Ejaculat.* 32.

Let my confession launce my sore,  
And let forgiveness cure my wound ;  
Lord, teach me early to implore,  
For I am lost till thou art found :  
Then shall my joyful Songs express  
Thy praises, and my thankfulness.

## 136 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 33.*

Great Lord of Wonders, thou by whom  
My heart was fram'd and form'd alone,  
From whose high Power all powers come,  
That didst but say, and it was done ;  
Appoint the remnant of my days  
To see thy Power, and sing thy praise.

### *Ejaculat. 34.*

Lord, let the Sun-shine of thy face  
So clear mine eyes, so cleanse my heart,  
That being season'd with thy grace,  
My soul may taste how sweet thou art.  
O let thy mercy make me just,  
And then my heart shall fear and trust.

### *Ejaculat. 35.*

Lord plead my cause, and right my wrong,  
And take my Snarers in their snare ;  
O be not from me, Lord, too long,  
Lest they triumph, and I despair.  
Let all my foes be cloth'd with shame,  
Whilst I sing praises to thy Name.

*Ejaculat.*



# Divine Ejaculations. 137

## *Ejaculat. 36.*

Fountain of Light, and living breath,  
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,  
Fill me with life that hath no death,  
Fill me with light that hath no shade :  
Confound the proud in their pretence,  
And let thy wings be my defence.

## *Ejaculat. 37.*

Be thou my Trust, my God, and I,  
When sinners thrive, will not repine ;  
Or if my wants should want supply,  
I will not fret, I will not whine :  
What if their wealth, my wants, increase,  
They shall have plagues at last, I peace.

## *Ejaculat. 38.*

Lord, in thy wrath correct me not,  
For I confess and hate my sin ;  
My flesh consumes, my bones do rot,  
I've pains without, and pangs within.  
O thou that art the God of rest,  
Release my sin, relieve my breast.

*Ejaculat.*

## 138 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 39.*

Lord, curb my tongue, and make me see  
How few my days, how short their length :  
Incline my heart to trust in thee ;  
Remove thy scourge, or give me strength :  
I am a Pilgrim, hear my cry,  
And send some comfort ere I dye.

### *Ejaculat. 40.*

Lord, thou whose mercies do exceed,  
O fill my language with thy praise,  
Stand thou my Helper at my need,  
Confound the wicked in their ways :  
Be thou my comfort in my grief,  
And crown my patience with relief.

### *Ejaculat. 41.*

Lord, if thy pleasure make me poor,  
Thou wilt bless them that give me bread ;  
If thy sick hand hath scourg'd me sore,  
That hand that struck will make my bed.  
Sustain me, Lord, be thou my store,  
I shall be neither sick nor poor.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 139

### *Ejaculat. 42.*

My God, full tears are all the dyet  
That feed my sad, my drooping brest:  
In my distress, in my disquiet,  
Be thou my Stay, be thou my Rest:  
Be thou my God in my relief,  
And I will triumph in my grief.

### *Ejaculat. 43.*

Lord, right my wrongs, and plead my right  
Against all those that seek my ill;  
O let thy perfect Truth and light  
Conduct me to thy holy Hill:  
Then shall thy Altar make relation  
Of thy due praise, and my Salvation.

### *Ejaculat. 44.*

Lord, our fore-fathers found redress  
In all their frights, in all their fears;  
Wilt thou be dumb to my distress,  
And not my God, as well as theirs?  
Redeem my Soul whose loyal knee  
Ne'er bow'd to any God, but thee,

*Ejaculat*

## 140 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 45.*

Great Bridegroom, fill thy dearest Spouse  
With outward glory, inward graces ;  
May she forget her fathers house,  
And only cling to thy embraces :  
Affect her heart with Love and Dury,  
And then take pleasure in her beauty.

### *Ejaculat. 46.*

Lord, help me when my griefs do call,  
In my distress O be thou near ;  
Then if earth change, or mountains fall,  
I will not faint, I will not fear.  
Shew me thy wonders, and inflame  
My heart to magnifie thy Name.

### *Ejaculat. 47.*

Lord, let thy Judgments fill all those  
That love thy Mount with joy and mirth;  
Confound and crush all *Sions* Foes,  
*Sion* the glory of the Earth :  
Let all that love thy *Sions* glory,  
Recount her State, repeat her Story!

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 141

### *Ejaculat.* 48.

Lord, teach me wisely to contemn  
All goods that transitory be,  
Let me not stand possess'd of them,  
If they be not possess'd in thee.

If I be wealthy, and not wise,  
I live but like a beast that dyes.

### *Ejaculat.* 49.

Lord God of Gods, before whose Throne  
Stand fire and storms, O what shall we  
Return to Heav'n that is our own,  
When all the world belongs to thee!

We have no offering to impart,  
But praises, and a wounded heart.

### *Ejaculat.* 50.

Lord, if thy mercies purge my heart,  
Conceiv'd in lust, and born in sin,  
Breath truth into my inward part,  
Renew me a firm spirit within:

Then let thy goodness not desert  
The ruins of a broken brest.

*Ejaculat.*

## 142 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 51.*

Let others boast in gold, and prize  
Ev'l more than good, and love deceit,  
Thy mercies, Lord, are my supplie s,  
And on thy Name will I await.

Lord, let thy Mercies still inure  
My brest to love the thing that's pure.

### *Ejaculat. 52.*

Lord, if thou take away thy hand,  
How all compos'd of fears are we !  
What arm can save ? what strength can stand ?  
When man, poor man's forsook by thee ?  
Lord, keep my faith in thee unshaken,  
For thou forsak'ft not till forsaken.

### *Ejaculat. 53.*

Lord, let thy name secure and free  
My threat'ned Soul from all my foes ;  
Stand thou with them that stand for me,  
Support all these, suppress all those :  
Then shall my Soul division run  
Upon thy praise till time be done.

*Ejaculat*

## Divine Ejaculations. 143

### Ejaculat. 54.

Hearer of prayers, confound my Foes,  
That bruise my tortur'd Soul to dust :  
In man, alas, there's no repose ;  
Foes have no pity, friends no trust.  
My trust is in thy word, which says,  
They shall not live out half their days.

### Ejaculat. 55.

O God, the malice of my Foes  
Encreaseth daily more and more ;  
But Lord, thou art my safe repose,  
Thou art my strength, thou art my store :  
Be thou my gracious God, and then  
I will not fear the pow'r of men.

### Ejaculat. 56.

Be gracious, Lord, unto my grief,  
For in thy shadow do I trust ;  
O send me plentiful relief,  
For thou art merciful and Just ;  
Then shall my spirits utter forth  
Twi-light *Hosanna's* to thy worth.

*Ejaculat.*

## 144 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 57.*

Lord, keep me from those hearts and tongues  
That practice mischief from the womb;  
Weigh right to them that weigh us wrongs,  
And let confusion be their doom;  
But let the just be fill'd with mirth,  
And fear that God that rules the earth.

### *Ejaculat. 58.*

Lord, save me from my Foes; make void  
Their plots, and all their Counsels vain;  
For ever let them be destroy'd,  
For in thy hand my hopes remain:  
And I will always spend my days  
In Hymns of thanks, and Songs of praise.

### *Ejaculat. 59.*

Lord, though we feel the bitter taste  
Of thy displeasure for a while;  
Yet thou art gracious, and at last  
Thy angry brow that frown'd will smile.  
Oh when that storm is over-blown,  
Thou'lt trample those that tread us down.

*Ejaculat.*



## Divine Ejaculations. 145

### *Ejaculat. 60.*

Lord, hear my troubled voice, and bring  
My Soul to that sweet Rock of Rest ;  
Protect all those that strive to sing  
Thy praises with a cheerful breast :  
Let comfort with our years increase,  
That we may praise thy name in peace.

### *Ejaculat. 61.*

Lord God, from whom all mercy springs,  
Instruct my hopes to wait on thee ;  
Teach me what vain and fruitless things  
The helps of what is earthly be.  
All strength belongs to thee alone,  
'Tis thou, my God, must help, or none.

### *Ejaculat. 62.*

Lord, how I long to see thy face,  
That I might spend me in thy praise ;  
Thou art my glory in disgrace ;  
Sustain my steps, direct my ways :  
Thou art my refuge ; when oppressed  
With grief, my joy ; with toyl, my rest.  
L *Ejaculat,*

## 146 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 63.*

Lord, hide me from my bloody Foes  
For in thy goodness do I trust ;  
Protect my sought-for life from those  
That shoot in secret for the just.

So then shall I that fear thy Name  
Have cause of glory, they of shame.

### *Ejaculat. 64.*

Thou gracious Hearer of Requests,  
Hide all my sins behind thy merits ;  
Shower down thy Spirit into our breasts,  
And drop thy Grace into our Spirits ;  
That from our Faith rich works may spring,  
And give us cause to shout and sing.

### *Ejaculat. 65.*

Lord, if thy flame must needs be felt,  
Let us be purged in that flame ;  
Let our rebellious spirits melt  
Into the praises of thy Name ;  
That we being tutor'd, and kept under,  
May fear with Love, and love with Wonder.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 147

### *Ejaculat. 66.*

Lord, let thy favour still inflame  
Our light'ned hearts to walk thy ways,  
That all the World may praise thy Name,  
And all the Earth may sing thy praise;  
So fructifie our hearts, that we  
May blefs thy Name being blest by thee.

### *Ejaculat. 67.*

Lord, rise in power within mine heart,  
And chase my sins, thy Foes, and mine;  
Then shall I see thee as thou art,  
In Glory great, in Power divine.  
So I, more white than Snow, shall sing  
Thy ways, and praise my God, my King.

### *Ejaculat. 68.*

To that sweet Lamb, which did sustain  
Grief above weight, Pain above measure;  
Whose stripes, and scoffs, and grief, and pain,  
Were only purchas'd by our pleasure.  
Be Honor, Glory, Praises, given  
By Souls on Earth, by Saints in Heaven.

## 148 *Divine Ejaculations.*

*Ejaculat. 69.*

Let shame be their due recompence,  
That seek to wound my Soul with shame;  
Be thou their help and strong defence,  
That seek thee, Lord, and love thy Name.  
Make haste, O God, for I do waste  
My Soul with grief; O God, make haste.

*Ejaculat. 70.*

Lord, thou that underneath thy wing  
Didst keep me in, and from the womb,  
Assist my age, that it may sing  
Thy praise in ages yet to come.  
Preserve my Soul, protect my name;  
Shame be to them that seek my shame

*Ejaculat. 71.*

Great Prince of peace, whose Kingdome brings  
Justice, Redempcion, power, and peace,  
That bends the knees and hearts of Kings,  
And fill'st all Nations with encrease,  
All praises, Honour, Glory, be  
Ascrib'd alone, great Prince, to thee.

*Ejaculat.*

## Divine Ejaculations. 149

### *Ejaculat 72.*

O God, whose dreadful Voice, like Thunder,  
Affrights the Earth, and shakes the Air,  
Whose Works and Ways are full of wonder,  
That hear'st my plaints, and grant'st my pray'r,  
Forsake me not, but when I stray,  
O let thy Crook reform my way.

### *Ejaculat. 73.*

O thou, whose mercy did begin  
Before all Time, untry'd to Times,  
As thou forgav'st our Fathers Sin,  
Be likewise gracious to our Crimes :  
Th'art now a God, as well as then  
And we as they no more than men.

### *Ejaculat. 74.*

O God, the *Sion* of my Soul  
Is wholly desolate and waste,  
Where thou should'st rule, my lusts controul;  
O Lord, relieve ; O God, make haste :  
Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim  
Eternal praises to thy Name.

## 150 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 75.*

Glorious Creator, once more shine  
On this our poor distressed Land ;  
Defend, and dress thy fading Vine,  
And bless the man of thy right hand :  
Let thy Free-grace inflame our hearts,  
And we will sing thy praise in parts.

### *Ejaculat. 76.*

O God, our Song, our Strength, whose hand  
Hath broke our Bonds, and set us free,  
Incline our hearts to thy Command,  
And we will own no God but thee ;  
Conduct and feed us as thy Flock,  
And give us honey from thy \*Rock. \*Psal. 81. 16.

### *Ejaculat. 77.*

Direct, O God, the Judges best,  
Preserve his hands, his eyes upright  
That he may vindicate the oppressed,  
And guard him from injurious might :  
O let him know that he shall be,  
As Judge of others, judg'd by thee.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 151

### *Ejaculat. 78.*

Lord, cast thine eyes upon thy Foes,  
Confound their Troops, that are combin'd  
Against thy Flock, , which thou hast chose,  
Make them like chaff before the wind :

Defeat their Plots with sudden shame,  
That they may seek *Jehovah's* Name.

### *Ejaculat. 79.*

Lord, teach mine Eyes, my Will, my Heart,  
To see, to choose, and to desire  
Thy beauteous Courts, wherein thou art ;  
O fill my thoughts with holy fire.

Be thou my Sun, whose glorious Rayes  
May light my Soul to sing thy praise.

### *Ejaculat. 80.*

O God, remit thy Peoples Sin,  
And shew the Sun-shine of thy face,  
Repress thy fury, and begin,  
T'inspire us with thy saving Grace ;  
That Righteousness and truth may meet,  
And light our hearts, and lead our feet.

## 152 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 81.*

Great Spring, from whence all mercy flows  
To them that trust and love thy Name,  
Give me thy strength, and then my Foes  
Shall see thy greatness, and their shame :  
Be thou my Way, my Truth, my Light,  
So shall I live and die upright.

### *Ejaculat. 82.*

Sin, the glory of the Earth,  
And subject of my holy Passion,  
May all the Well-springs of my mirth  
Be founded upon thy foundation :  
Of all delights I wish no other,  
Than to be Son to such a Mother.

### *Ejaculat. 83.*

Lord, let thy fury cease to burn,  
Or else my Soul must cease to be ;  
Can praises issue from the Urn ?  
What thanks can ashes give to thee ?  
Enough, if thou but undertake me,  
Let death surprise, let friends forsake me.

*Ejaculat.*



## *Divine Ejaculations.* 153

### *Ejaculat.* 84.

Lord, thou whose mercy fails not those  
That build their trust upon thy Name,  
Protect my Soul from all my Foes,  
Then shall my tongue thy worth proclaim :  
So shall the remnant of my days  
Be crown'd in Peace, and thou with Praise.

### *Ejaculat.* 85.

Eternal God, before whose Eyes  
A thousand years seem as a day,  
Direct our hearts, and make us wise  
To use that time we cannot stay :  
Send joy in our sad hearts, and bless  
Our prosperous actions with success.

### *Ejaculat.* 86.

Though thousands here, ten thousand there,  
Do daily fall before mine eye,  
I will not faint, I will not fear,  
Beneath the wings of the most High :  
Let me be guarded, Lord, by thee,  
Then I'll not fear, nor faint, nor flee.

*Ejaculat.*

## 154 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 87.*

Lord, purge my Soul, that I may learn  
To read my fortunes by thy hand ;  
Let my instructed Soul discern,  
That worldly blifs is not thy brand.  
Lord, in thy Mercy make me thine,  
I have enough, shower thou, or shine.

### *Ejaculat. 88.*

Great Monarch of the World, disclose  
Thy Power, and make thy Glory known ;  
Out-flood the floods of all my Foes,  
And in my heart fix thou thy Throne :  
Plant Holiness within my brest,  
O Lord, my strength, O God, my rest.

### *Ejaculat. 89.*

Just God of Vengeance, cast an eye  
Upon my poor afflicted brest ;  
O send me help, O hear my cry,  
And let thy comforts be my rest :  
Suppress my Foes, and set me free,  
That have no Hope, no Help but thee.

*Ejaculat.*

# *Divine Ejaculations.* 155

## *Ejaculat. 90.*

Great God of Gods, Great King of Kings,  
From whom, by whom we live, we be,  
In whom my Soul her triumph sings,  
To whom alone bowes every knee :

Teach me thy way ; thy Will's my Feast,  
Thy Crook my Guide, thy Fold my Rest.

## *Ejaculat. 91.*

Lord, let our Jesus, and thy Christ,  
Be all the subject of our mirth,  
Let Satans power be dismist,  
And let him rule, and judg the earth:  
Then, then Eternal Peace shall be  
Return'd to us, and praise to thee.

## *Ejaculat. 92.*

Great King of Glory, who art drest  
In Clothes of Clouds, in Robes of Fire,  
Make evil hateful to my brest,  
Then shall I love thee most intire :  
Then shall my bosome reap that light  
Which thou hast sown for the upright.

*Ejaculat.*

## 156 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 93.*

Great God of Wonders, that dost ope  
The Gate of Life to our glad days,  
And found'st a help beyond all hope;  
O give us mouths to give thee praise;  
So guide our ways, just Judge, that we  
May joyfully be judg'd by thee.

### *Ejaculat. 94.*

Great God, whose promise is to hear,  
Whose practise is to pardon Sin,  
Let my petitions find an ear,  
And cleanse my leprous Soul within.  
Thou, Lord, art holy, teach my heart  
To sing thy praises as thou art.

### *Ejaculat. 95.*

Eternal Maker, grant that we  
May praise thee with a chearful heart;  
Guide thou our ways, and let us be  
The sheep, where thou the Shepherd art:  
For, Lord, thy truth is always sure,  
And thy great Mercy shall endure.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 157

### *Ejaculat.* 96.

Lord, teach my heart to walk upright  
In publique rev'rence, private fear;  
Keep thou the humble in thy sight,  
And to the proud be thou severe:  
Then shall thy Saints in triumph show  
Thy Mercy, and thy Justice too.

### *Ejaculat.* 97.

O God, how poor a thing is man!  
Begot in sin, and born in sorrow;  
Our breath's a blast, our life a span,  
But here to day, and gone to morrow.  
How needful, Lord, is thy support!  
Our days are bad, our times are short.

### *Ejaculat.* 98.

O thou, within whose tender breast  
Full streams of sweet compassion flow,  
Whose Mercies cannot be express'd  
By Saints above, or Men below;  
My Soul shall praise, my heart shall bless  
That goodness, tongues cannot express.

*Ejaculat.*

## 158 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 99.*

Lord, every creature writes a story.  
Of thy full Majesty and Might,  
The contemplation of whose Glory  
Shall always be my hearts delight:  
Accept that praise my Soul can give,  
And it shall praise thee while I live.

### *Ejaculat. 100.*

Dear God, the *Pharaoh* of our Souls  
Afflicts the *Isr'el* of our hearts;  
Where thou shouldst govern, he controuls;  
What thou command'st his power thwarts:  
Confound his strength, and let thy hand  
Conduct us to the promis'd land.

### *Ejaculat. 101.*

Lord, shouldst thou punish every sin,  
Or strike as oft as we offend,  
How quickly would our plagues begin!  
How soon this sinful world would end!  
But Lord, thy tender Mercies stand  
Within the gap, and hold thy hand.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 159

### *Ejaculat.* 102.

Lord let thy wonders, and thy ways,  
Inflame my heart, my tongue, my pen,  
That pen, and tongue, and heart may praise  
Thy Name before the Sons of men.  
Look where I list, high, low, or under,  
I see to learn, and learn to wonder.

### *Ejaculat.* 103.

O Lord whose mercies, and whose paths  
Transcend th'expressions of my tongue  
Instruct my heart to keep thy lawes  
And I will praise thee in my Song.  
Lend me thy pow'r, or strengthen mine,  
And I will crush my Foes, and thine.

### *Ejaculat.* 104.

O thou that sit'st in Heaven, and see'st  
My deeds without, my thoughts within,  
Be thou my Prince, be thou my Priest,  
Command my Soul, and cure my sin:  
How bitter my afflictions be,  
I care not, so I rise in thee.

*Ejaculat.*

## 160 *Divine Ejaculations.*

*Ejaculat.* 105.

Lord, teach my humble eyes the art  
To see aright, and hands to do,  
Then will I praise thee with my heart  
In publique, and in private too:  
Set thou thy fear in all my ways  
To make me wise, to give thee praise.

*Ejaculat.* 106.

Lord, plant thy fear before mine eyes,  
For in thy fear my Soul is blest;  
Thy Fear's that Spring, from whence arise  
My Crown, my Treasure, and my Rest.  
What fear I, fearing thee? and what  
Not fearing thee, Lord, fear I not?

*Ejaculat.* 107.

Highest of Highests, that dost raise  
The poor and needy from the dung,  
Advance my thoughts to give thee praise,  
And Lord, unty my stam'ring tongue:  
So shall my heart and tongue proclaim  
Rare *Hallelujahs* to thy Name.

*Ejaculat.*



# *Divine Ejaculations.* 161

## *Ejaculat.* 108.

O God, the Mountains and the Seas  
Confess thee, Lord of Sea and Land;  
They quake and tremble, if thou please  
To shew the power of thy hand :  
So shall my heart, when thou think'st good;  
To turn my flint into a flood.

## *Ejaculat.* 109.

Lord, teach our loyal hearts to build  
Their constant hopes upon thy hand;  
Thou art our Help, thou art our Shield,  
Wherein our hopes of safety stand :  
Send down thy blessings, and then we  
Will send all praises up to thee.

## *Ejaculat.* 110.

My God, thy mercies so abound,  
That every minute speaks their story ;  
They have no limits, have no bound ;  
Ours are the comforts, thine the glory :  
And what thy mercy more displays,  
Thou art contented with our praise.

M

*Ejaculat.*

162 *Divine Ejaculations.*

*Ejaculat. 111.*

Surpassing Lord, whose mercies have surpass  
The limits of the worlds expression,  
Whose truth continues firm and fast  
To thy elect, and their succession.  
To thee perpetual praise be given  
By Saints on Earth, and Souls in Heav'n.

*Ejaculat. 112.*

Good God ! thy mercy and thy might  
What heart conceives ? What tongue can tell ?  
Thou fillest my darkness with thy light,  
And hast redeem'd my Soul from Hell.  
Thou art my God, thou onely art  
The strength, and musick of my heart.

*Ejaculat. 113.*

O God thy Law's a field, in which  
The fruitful seed of life is sown ;  
No seed so rare, no soil so rich ;  
It renders infinite for one.

O God, how fair these fields appear !

O God, what pearls are buried he re!

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations.* 163

### *Ejaculat.* 114.

Great God, whose ever-wakeful eye  
Doth never slumber, never close,  
Teach all my dangers to rely  
Upon thy help, their safe repose:  
Be thou my shade, be thou my stay,  
I will not fear by night, by day.

### *Ejaculat.* 115.

Lord let the fire of my true zeal  
Unto thy house for ever flame,  
Where let my thanks, and praise reveal  
The hidden honour of thy Name.  
Let *Sions* glory still increase,  
And bless her walls with plenteous peace.

### *Ejaculat.* 116.

O God to whom thy thoughts direct  
Their constant hopes, and hopeful cries,  
Let not my Soul in vain expect  
For mercy, from such gracious eyes:  
Maintain thine honour; 'Tis not me  
The proud contemn, Great God, but thee.

## 164 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 117.*

Lord give me a believing heart,  
Though wanting strength I fear not man,  
If thou be pleas'd to take my part,  
Let malice do the worst it can.

Although insnar'd I will not fear,  
For thou art stronger than a snare.

### *Ejaculat. 118.*

Give me the heart, O God to trust,  
And lead my Footsteps in thy ways ;  
Quell thou the power of the unjust,  
That righteous hearts may give thee praise.  
Do good to good men, and encrease  
Their number, plenty, and their peace.

### *Ejaculat. 119.*

Lord, we are Captives, and we bow  
To Satans burthen every hour,  
We sow in tears, oh when wilt thou  
With joy requite the weary sower ?  
So bless my labors that I may,  
With comfort long to see that day.

*Ejaculat.*

## *Divine Ejaculations. 165*

### *Ejaculat. 120:*

What I possess, or what I crave  
Brings no content great God, to me,  
If what I would, or what I crave  
Be not possesse, and blest in thee.

What I enjoy, oh make it mine  
In making me, that have it, Thine.

### *Ejaculat. 121.*

Lord, plant thy fears within my brest,  
That I may walk thy perfect ways;  
Then shall I prosper and be blest  
In all my deeds, in all my days :

Then shall I see the fair encrease,  
Of *Sions* glory, *Israels* peace.

### *Ejaculat. 122.*

Lord since there must be always Foes  
T' afflict the Souls of flesh and blood,  
Let mine be such as do oppose

Thy Churches peace, thy *Sions* good :

Then let that righteous arm of thine,  
Confound, or cure thy foes, and mine.

# 166 *Divine Ejaculations.*

## *Ejaculat. 123.*

Hearer of prayers, O whom should I  
Implore, but thee, in my distress,  
For mercy harbors in thine eye,  
And thou art fill'd with righteousness,  
To thee, O God, my hopes shall flee,  
My Soul expects no help but thee.

## *Ejaculat. 124.*

Lord if mine eyes should look too high,  
Or ranc'rous heart begin to swell,  
Break thou the tumor, curb mine eye,  
Lest one grow fierce, the other fell.  
So shall my Soul grow wise, and flee  
From her own strength, and trust in thee.

## *Ejaculat. 125.*

Lord let mine eyes not sleep until  
I build thy Temple in my breast,  
Take pleasure then, and make it still  
The chosen Palace of thy rest :  
Let all her foes be trodden down,  
And let thy Glory be her Crown.

*Ejaculat.*

# *Divine Ejaculations. 167*

## *Ejaculat. 126.*

Lord we are several members joyn'd  
To make one whole, whose head thou art,  
Let all our thoughts but make one mind,  
And give one body, but one heart.

United Souls of Saints appear  
The sweetest musick in thine ear.

## *Ejaculat. 127.*

Light thou the Lamps, great God, that they  
Light'ned by thee may give us light,  
Let their bright lustre drive away  
All darkness from thy Courts by night;  
Bless us and them, that they, and we  
May bless thy name, first blest by thee.

## *Ejaculat. 128.*

Let every wonder that I see  
In Heav'n, and Earth, and in the Sea;  
Advance some honour, Lord, to thee  
That didst, and canst do, what thou please,  
Let others worship wood and stone,  
My Soul shall bless thee, Lord, alone.

# 168 *Divine Ejaculations.*

## *Ejaculat. 129.*

Good God, where e're I cast mine eye,  
On Earth beneath, or Heaven above,  
I see thy goodness, and I spy  
Perpetual pledges of thy love.

Thy favors through the world extend,  
And of thy mercy is no end.

## *Ejaculat. 130.*

Lord, if my tongue, and busie quill  
Be not in *Sions* praise employ'd,  
Then let my hand forget her skill  
And be my tongue for ever ty'd;

Thy praise shall be my chief delight  
Whilst tongue can speak, or hand can write.

## *Ejaculat. 131.*

Kindle O Lord, my love with zeal,  
Light my affections with thy flame;  
Give my tongue courage to reveal  
The secret glory of thy name.

Be thou my God, in all distress,  
And let thy hand be my redress.

*Ejaculat.*



# *Divine Ejaculations.* 169

## *Ejaculat.* 132.

Lord, thou that mad'st me, and dost pry  
Into the secrets of my heart,  
From whose all-presence none can fly  
Nor hide them there, but where thou art,  
Inform my Soul, inflame my brest,  
And lead me to eternal Rest.

## *Ejaculat.* 133.

Lord keep me from my self that am  
The greatest Foe, I need to fear ;  
O cover thou my face with shame  
And give my sins no dwelling here.  
Subdue my flesh ; and then my spirit,  
Shall sing the praises of thy merit.

## *Ejaculat.* 134.

Lord when my grief shall find a tongue  
To cry for help, find thou an ear,  
Whilst others seek to do me wrong,  
Make thou O God my conscience clear.  
In those self-snares they have prepar'd  
Let my insnarers be insnar'd.

*Ejaculat.*

## 170 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat. 135.*

When winter fortunes cloud the brows  
Of summer friends; when eyes grow strange;  
When plighted faith forget their vows,  
When Earth, and all things in it change,  
O Lord thy mercies fail me never,  
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

### *Ejaculat. 136.*

Judge not my actions by thy Laws,  
For then my sorrows are but just,  
But let thy mercies plead my case,  
For in thy mercy is my trust.  
Those that oppose my Soul, oppose;  
I am thy servant, they thy foes.

### *Ejaculat. 137.*

What is there, Lord, what is in me  
To hope for safety from thy power?  
What help can I expect from thee,  
That merit vengeance every hour?  
How great so e're my sins have bin,  
Thy mercy's greater than my sin.

*Ejaculat*

# Divine Ejaculations. 171

## Ejaculat. 138.

Great God, whose Kingdome hath no end,  
Into whose secrets none can dive,  
Whose mercy none can apprehend,  
Whose Justice none can feel, and live,  
What my dull heart cannot aspire  
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

## Ejaculat. 139.

O Lord my Judgment's dark, and blind,  
It cannot judge 'twixt good, and ill,  
My will is captiv'd and confin'd,  
It wants a freedome how to will,  
Great Lord of power, great God of might  
Release my bands, restore my sight.

## Ejaculat. 140.

Great God whose goodness doth repleat,  
And fill our Coasts with full encrease,  
That feed'st us with the fat of wheat,  
And glad'st thy *Sion* with thy peace.  
How more than others are our days  
Extreamly bound to give thee praise.

*Ejaculat.*

## 172 *Divine Ejaculations.*

### *Ejaculat.* 141.

Shall frost and snow give praise to thee,  
And shall my Soul not bear a part?  
Lord frost and snow appear to be  
Not half so cold as is my heart.  
Shine glorious Sun, thy beams but felt,  
My frost will thaw, my snow will melt.

### *Ejaculat.* 142.

Great God to whom all praise belongs  
Whom *Sion* sings, and *Israel* fears,  
O stop those lusts that stop our tongues  
And fright thy glory from our ears.  
Do thou enlarge what flesh retains,  
And bind those Kings, our lusts, in chains.

### *Ejaculat.* 143.

Lord season my unsavory sprite  
And bridle my too head-strong will,  
That I may always take delight  
In acting good, and shunning ill.  
O give me grace to understand,  
My life is always in thy hand.

*Ejaculat.*

## Divine Ejaculations. 173

### Ejaculat. 144.

Direct my steps, Lord, be my way,  
And make thy paths my sole delight,  
That like a traveller I may  
Not fail to rest with thee at night,  
O me, how happy, and how blest,  
(Lord) should I be in such a Rest !

### Ejaculat. 145.

Lord, let the morning of my grief,  
Find out a night of lasting pleasure,  
Thou art the God of my relief,  
In poverty, thou art my treasure.  
I care not, Lord, how poor I be  
Unto the world, if rich to thee.

### Ejaculat. 146.

Lord let thy sacred fire thaw  
The Ice of my hard-frozen zeal,  
And let thy will be my known Law,  
So shall my heart, thy worth reveal,  
And with a *halálujous* Song  
My tongue shall praise thee all day long.

*Ejaculat.*

## 174 *Divine Ejaculations.*

*Ejaculat.* 147.

Great King of Peace, be pleas'd to send  
Thy peace to our distemper'd Land,  
O we are bad, teach us t'amend,  
And let not ruine be our brand,  
Then shall our lavish lips deliver  
Our thanks in Peace, to our Peace-giver.

*Ejaculat.* 148.

If it be so that we must fight,  
Lord make our crimes to prove our Foes,  
For thou (our God) dost take delight,  
To see such pleasant Wars as those.  
O may such wars as these encrease,  
Until our conquests end in Peace.

*Ejaculat.* 149.

Lord let the praises of thy Power,  
Advance the power of thy praises,  
Let every day, let every hour,  
Praise thee till hours fail, and days.  
To thee all power and praise be given,  
By Saints on Earth, by Souls in Heaven.

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